Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Miss Maude Fealy

One of America's Most Beautiful Actresses

No. 6.—Vol. I.

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The BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

Wednesday, January 13, 1904

It is a matter for somewhat curious reflection in these days of electricity, wireless telegraphy, and advanced science that the voice of the prophet—the professional prophet who proposes to foretell what will happen to us within a stated period—still commands our respectful attention, and is not without some power in the land. Necessarily, his forecasts only influence the ignorant class, but as this, unfortunately, is in the great majority, it is tantamount to saying that his power is far from being, as by all accepted theories it should be, on the wane.

He professes to arrive at his marvellous deductions by occult means, which we, the uninitiated, may not hope to fathom. Thus, M. Jacob, the French astrologer, has, quite in approved mediæval manner, cast the horoscope for the present year. M. Jacob is not even original, for, like all his fellow-craftsmen, he does not hesitate to indulge in a cataclysm of horrors: there is no attempt to set off the misfortunes which the world generally is to be treated to with even the semblance of any gain in any other direction; but, what is even more surprising—if surprise, under the circumstances, could be allowed—is the utter unimaginativeness of this class of quacks.

M Jacob tells us, for instance: "An attempt will be made to poison the Tsar." The merest tyro in the prophecy business would single out that unfortunate monarch and predict trouble for him. One needs to cast no horoscope; it is not even interesting. "The Thibet Expedition will fail" is another vapid conclusion. What enterprising vendor of patent medicines would advertise, "My pills will cure liver complaint" without giving you some details as to how and why? "Spain will have a bad time with the Anarchists" is another tame conclusion for a prophet, seeing that she already has her hands pretty full with Anarchists. Now were our prophet to say instead, "The Tsar will embrace the Mikado on June 10," or "The Grand Lama of Thibet will give a dinner-party to the officers of the British Expedition at Lhassa in the middle of April," or "The King of Spain will receive and decorate the head of the Spanish anarchists before the sun has turned on his summer solstice," there would be something interesting in his prophecies. They are quite as likely to be true as his present conclusions, and they certainly would not provide such thoroughly dull reading.

We should not, however, waste so much space on this subject were it not that, underlying it all, there is a note of tragedy. Sneer as we may at these so-called seers, a large *clientèle* undoubtedly believes in them. Russia is now in the throes of a morbid period of depression. A belief is current, engendered by prophets and their like, that a fearful fate is to overtake her this year. Young men and maidens—not, mind you, peasants—but educated persons have, in consequence, been committing suicide in a manner that has called for serious attention on the part of the authorities. It is not long since the redoubtable Dowie—posing as the reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah—in America, was counting his dupes by the thousand. In England—at our own gates—we have a class of persons calling themselves Christian Scientists, who indulge in the most eccentric whims and fancies, which often entail great and unnecessary suffering to themselves, and, in cases, to others.

In other words, the prophet, the quack, and the charlatan generally, flourish on superstition, and the prophet is not even clever at his game. When the historian of the future comes to sum up the character and achievements of our era, what a complex problem he will find confronting him! On the one side, our achievements have been really great: in science, in medicine, in practical inventions for the convenience of the world, we shall show probably greater progress (though in cases somewhat misdirected) than in all preceding history since it has been recorded. But, psychically, we are still as little developed as we were thousands of years ago; in one form or another, our crudeness in this respect has shown but little advance. If we throw off one superstition, we develop another. It seems to us funny that a Chinaman should so build his house that demons and bogies shall be unable to obtain entrance; yet what difference is there between this and the Englishman in Piccadilly who refuses to pass under a ladder? Again, there is little or no difference between the wizards of a savage race, who, by means of fire, discover witches, and our friend the prophet, who tells us, after communion with the moon and planets, what is to be our destiny, except that, in the one case the scene offers an element of romance, while the other is intensely prosaic, since it is written probably at an American inlaid table, and set forth in cold typewritten pages by a private secretary!

People of Interest

Princess Alice of Albany.

Princess Alice Mary Victoria Augusta of Albany, who is about to marry Prince Alexander of Teck, was born at Windsor Castle, on February 26, 1883. Until within the last few years, Princess Alice had been living with her mother, the Duchess of Albany at Claremont, under whose tuition she received her early education. Since 1900 the Princess has, however, spent most of her time in Germany, and, consequently, has become an excellent linguist. Riding is her favourite recreation; she is a first-rate horsewoman, and very fond of boating, while she can handle the oars with much dexterity. She is very pretty, and her sunny and bright expression has won the hearts of many. At Esher, where she has taken much interest in local events, she is extremely popular.

Photo by *Schaarwächter*

Princess Alice of Albany

Who is engaged to be married to Prince Alexander of Teck

The Duke of Manchester.

The Duke of Manchester, who recently underwent a rest cure in London, has returned to Tanderagee much improved in health, and he and the Duchess are now entertaining a succession of visitors. They take great interest in the furnishing and preparation of their new home, Kylemore, into which they hope to move in a few months' time.

The Late Marquis of Sligo.

The Marquis of Sligo, who died recently, in his eightieth year, was the fourth holder of the title, and is succeeded by his brother, Lord Ulick Browne. Lord Sligo claimed descent from the famous Colonel John Browne, who, in the time of James II., capitulated at the siege of Limerick, and helped to frame the conditions of that capitulation. Westport House is a charming white stone building, and the old Protestant church, near the house, is now the burial ground of the Sligo family.

A Noted Lady Gardener.

Among lady gardeners, Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, who has recently returned from America, is one of the most celebrated. All the gardens at Broughton Castle have been laid out from her own designs, and her rose garden and her well-known sundial are unique in their way. Lady Algernon has one daughter, called Ivy, who promises to rival even her mother in the way of good looks. She is to be one of Lady Marjorie Greville's bridesmaids on the nineteenth of this month, and is to be presented at one of the early Courts this season.

Miss Sydney Bowles.

Miss Sydney Bowles, the good-looking daughter of Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, is engaged to be married to the Hon. David Mitford, the second son of Lord Redesdale, who made his name as Mr. Freeman Mitford. Lord Redesdale is a wonderful gardener, and we have to thank him for the beautiful piece of rock-work in Hyde Park which lies between Albert Gate and the Serpentine. At Batsford Park, his country home, Lord Redesdale devotes a great deal of time to his gardens and grounds, and especially to his "bamboo garden" upon which he has written a most interesting book.

The Late Princess Mathilde Buonaparte

The Late Princess Mathilde

With the death of the Princess Mathilde, one of the few *grandes dames* left in French society has disappeared. With her, too, had disappeared the last great Paris *salon, la dernière salon où l'on cause.* In fact, the *salon* had disappeared some time before the Princess's death. Her great age had, of late years, caused her to entertain less than she formerly did, and the visitors at her *hôtel* in the Rue de Berri were confined to a few intimate friends. There were few more remarkable careers in Europe than that of the Princess Mathilde. The daughter of a monarch and the niece of the great Napoleon, she had known the existence of courts in half the capitals of Europe, and had also learned the bitterness of exile.

A Brilliant Salon

Married at twenty years of age to Comte Anatole Demidoff, the wealthiest man in Russia, at five-and-twenty, after four years' conjugal unhappiness, she found herself again free and in possession of an income of twenty thousand pounds a year. She installed herself in Paris, and giving free rein to her love for art and letters, she soon gathered round her a brilliant group of writers, painters, and sculptors. When her cousin, Louis Napoleon, become President of the Republic, Princess Mathilde presided by royal grace at the entertainments of the Elysée. It is notorious that it only depended on her to have married her cousin and become Empress of the French. Perhaps, if she had done so, the course of history would have been different. As it was, she refused the honour, and Mlle. de Montijo became the wife of Napoleon III. The Princess Mathilde and the Empress Eugénie had nothing in common. The Empress was as *autoritaire* as the Princess was liberal in her views. Her Majesty was Catholic to a degree, and absolutely Ultramontane. The Princess, who was anti-clerical and Voltairean, took a delight in shocking the Court by her disrespectful references to the Pope.

Exiled from Court

This state of affairs would undoubtedly have led to an open rupture if Napoleon III. had not taken the precaution of exiling his too hotheaded cousin from the court. This was a most severe trial for the Princess Mathilde. She loved Paris, with its life and movement, and at the end of three weeks left her country residence and returned to Paris. The first literary and artistic reunions, which laid the foundation of what was afterwards the leading *salon* of the French capital, was held in a little house she possessed near the Place Vendôme; but it was only when she moved to the *hôtel impériale*, the magnificent residence in the Rue de Courcelles, given her by Napoleon, that she took her true place in Paris society.

A Royal Engagement

The latest Royal engagement is of interest to many members of English Society, owing to the fact that

Photo by *Dittrich*

The Count of Turin

Whose engagement to Princess Louise of Orleans has just been announced

the youthful bride-elect, Princess Louise of Orleans, spent her childhood in this country, and is a favourite young connection of our King and Queen, who have always shown marked affection and kindness to those Royal exiles who have found a home in our country. The future bridegroom, the Count of Turin, has now been for some years the best looking of Royal bachelors. His eldest brother, the Duke of Aosta, is married to the bride-elect's sister. Accordingly the Count is in the direct line of succession, and he is immensely popular in the beautiful Italian city from which he takes his title. He shares his other brother's, the Duke of the Abruzzi's, delight in adventurous expeditions and sport, and he has taken part in many big-game shooting expeditions, both in the American Rockies and in India. The Princes and Princesses of the House of Orleans have all made remarkably good marriages, the eldest of the late Count of Paris's daughters being the Queen of Portugal.

A V.C.'s Romance

It is understood that Lord and Lady Fincastle were really engaged for something like eight years, and this made their marriage last week, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, all the more delightful. The young bride, who has the pretty names of Lucinda Dorothea, is the eldest daughter of Mr. W. H. Kemble, of Knock, Isle of Skye. As becomes the only son of

Photo by *Dickinson*

Viscount Fincastle, V.C.

Photo by **Lady Fincastle** *Alice Hughes*

that born traveller and leader of men, Lord Dunmore, Lord Fincastle had not long to wait for fame, and even now he is not much over thirty. He was only twenty-five when he served in the Soudan with his regiment, the 16th Lancers, under Lord Kitchener. The next year saw him taking a leading part in those difficult operations against the hill tribes on the North-West frontier of India, in which he won his V.C. Then, when the South African war broke out, he went to the front, and did great things in that first year of the struggle, not only with his own regiment, but also, for a time, with the Inniskilling Dragoons.

An Unfortunate Nobleman

Lord Haldon, who lately died from injuries sustained by a fall downstairs on Christmas Day, was a noblemen entitled, one would think, to the fullest sympathy, even of those persons who make a point of sneering at titles. There are, indeed, generally speaking, few more pathetic things in life than to see a noble family brought, by misfortune, to a situation where it is no longer possible to make even a show of maintaining the position expected of them. Lord Haldon was the victim of severe financial vicissitudes, which compelled him to part

Mrs. Rob Sauber
From a sketch by her husband

with all the Torquay property belonging to his family, and for years he had lived on an allowance.

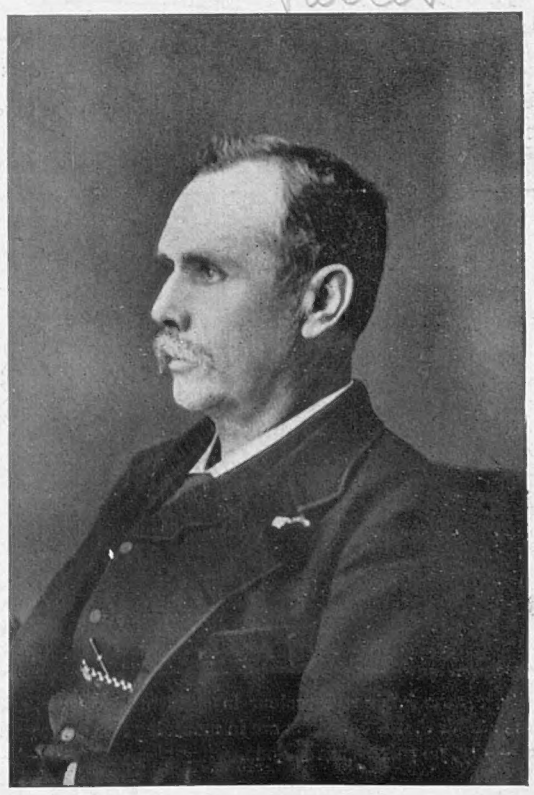
The deceased nobleman lived in almost complete retirement in a small house at Hampton Wick. He mixed freely with the people of the district, by whom he was universally beloved for his unostentatious kindness in many small acts. Lord Haldon, indeed, was far happier than many a peer surrounded with luxury and having a retinue at his beck and call. He leaves a widow, Constance, a daughter of the Viscount Barrington, who was one of the bevy of sisters known in Society as "the beautiful Barringtons." He also leaves behind him two sons and two daughters, the elder of which, Hon. Laurence William Palk, succeeds to the title.

Mrs. Rob Sauber

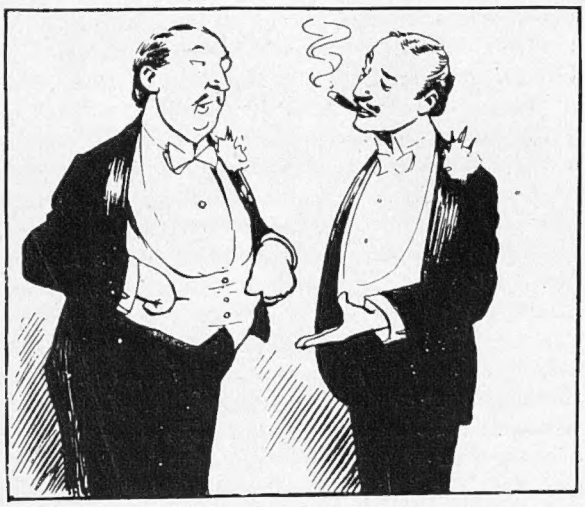
Our readers will be interested in the accompanying portrait of Mrs. Rob Sauber, the wife of the well-known artist, reproduced from a crayon sketch by her husband. Mr. Sauber is chiefly known by his black-and-white work, and by the many attractive drawings he has designed for the covers of magazines. Of late years Mr. Sauber has been busy with some decorative work, having lately finished a set of beautiful decorative wall-pictures for the banqueting-room at Lord Howard de Walden's. A portrait of Lord Howard de Walden in a curious ancient fencing dress, is being painted by Mr. Sauber —the dress which used to be worn in the "Sword and Dagger" fight.

Mr. M'Leavy Brown, C.M.G., LL.D.

Few men are better known in the Far East than Mr. M'Leavy Brown, the Chief Commissioner of the Korean Maritime Customs. Like his colleague of the Chinese sister service, Sir Robert Hart, Inspector General of the Imperial Maritime Customs, Mr. M'Leavy Brown has spent his life in the Far East. Many years ago it is now since he ventured there as a boy, becoming a student-interpreter in 1861, and an assistant Chinese secretary in 1864. Four years later he accompanied, as Secretary, the Chinese mission to Europe. Upon the return of the mission, Mr. M'Leavy Brown rejoined the Legation, where in 1871-2 he was the Acting Chinese Secretary. A little later he was transferred to the Korean Maritime Customs, in which service, although a Commissioner in the Imperial Maritime Customs of China, he has elected to remain. He is now the head of the service to which he has given so much devotion, occupying the dual post of Chief Commissioner and Controller of Finance at the same time. Mr. Brown lives in Seoul, the capital of Korea. His house there is large and desolate, situated within the Customs compound, and adjoining the grounds of the British Legation. His Majesty the Emperor of Korea is a near neighbour, the Imperial Palace overlooking the Customs property. The close proximity of the residence of the Chief Commissioner to the Imperial Palace has given rise to considerable friction, the Emperor viewing, with very evident envy, the agreeable situation which is occupied by the bungalow of his Chief Commissioner. Few men have a more attractive personality than Mr. M'Leavy Brown, who is a delightful host and a most entertaining companion. In addition to his remarkable knowledge of Chinese, he speaks many European languages with engaging fluency, and is at once the source and centre of the social life in the little capital of the Hermit Kingdom.



Mr. John M'Leavy Brown
Chief Commissioner of the Korean Maritime Customs



Now that the "Emperor of Sahara" is going to stamp coins with his effigy, we shall probably find ourselves asking a friend to lend us five Jacques instead of the same amount of Louis or Napoleons.

She: "Any good?"
He: "Nothing that would interest you, dear. I am reading the news page."

THE SKATING SEASON

"Let us put on the pace so as to reach the end of the lake before the thaw sets in."

Black is the fashionable colour in garments just now, and if people think that the wearers are in mourning for the decease of a celebrity, no great harm is done.

"Have you had a lot of New Year presents, my little man?"
"Yes, but I'm still open for more."

PARIS WEEK BY WEEK

As depicted by our Special Artist.

PARISIANA:

"I was in winter quarters in my dear Lutetia; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians."—*Julian.*

The Eternal Emperor.

When Captain Dreyfus was "pardoned" and all the many crimes connected with the Affair were blotted out for ever and for ever by M. Waldeck-Rousseau's amazing Amnesty Bill, then did the Parisian rise joyfully and exclaim—"*N'en parlons plus.*" Bored to death, was the Parisian. He pined for peace, he longed for Paris to be herself again; and so, repeatedly and with increasing emphasis, he cried—"*N'en parlons plus.*" And peace fell; yes, peace fell, and peace was with the Parisian until it was announced that no millions had been found in Madame Humbert's safe. Then, another storm, another explosion. For months and months, the Affair Humbert. For months and months, the same old threats and accusations, if not the same old disorder. Bored to death, became the Parisian. Enough Thérèse, enough of the Safe, enough of the Millions. Away went Thérèse and Frédéric to their respective prisons, and away went the Safe with an *impresario*, who hoped to sell it for a splendid sum, but was reduced to displaying it at public fairs at a penny a time. Calm at last, said the Parisian. But, no calm. On to the scene came an amazing Emperor. After Captain Dreyfus and Madame Humbert, James I. of the Sahara.

Ah me, this Emperor! At first, in Paris, we liked him, even admired him; and laughed long and loud at him when, through his equerry, he sternly called upon the French Government to refrain from interfering with the Saharan fleet. Exquisite, that letter. The Parisian would have offered gold to possess a copy of the Imperial missive. And now? Now, the Parisian is bored to death; for the Emperor has written a dozen such letters, the Emperor has been seized with a mania for letter-writing, the Emperor has probably cried, "I will write hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of letters." Never a truce. On Monday the Jockey Club is informed that all horses belonging to the late M. Jacques Lebaudy must run henceforth in the name of Jacques Ier. On Tuesday other clubs are informed that M. Jacques Lebaudy has ceased to be: that the club books, therefore, must record the title of "Sa Majesté Jacques Ier." On Wednesday everyone is informed through the press that only those letters addressed to the "Emperor of the Sahara" will be brought to the notice of his Imperial Majesty. On Thurs——. "But enough, enough!" cries the Parisian. "Enough of the Emperor, and enough of the Sahara."

No use crying, "Enough!" That Hand will not be stayed, that Voice will not be stilled—the Emperor will write and the Emperor will talk, like a certain brother Emperor. And should the Parisian exclaim, "Nothing, thank heaven, about his Majesty in this morning's paper," at that very moment a hawker will pass the *café* with the shout, "*Voyez, voyez, l'Empereur du Sahara.*" What has the hawker? The hawker has a doll that is crowned, that clasps a sceptre, that grimaces, that has embroidered on his robe the word—Sahara. Also, the hawker has a little throne, on which is seated another doll; again, the hawker has a little square of cardboard, where a third doll stands between two fluffy ostriches; finally, the hawker has cartoons portraying a gigantic waste of sand, in the very midst of which is a sad solitary figure, his hands outstretched imploringly, his lips speaking the prayer, "O give me a people, O give me a people, with which to populate my Empire." And who is this light-eyed, loose-mouthed, dishevelled man who comes hurrying along the boulevard muttering and gesticulating? He walks up to a policeman. In frenzied tones he addresses the policeman, "I am the Emperor of the Sahara. Come with me immediately to the Sahara." But is taken to the police infirmary, and thence to the asylum.

Then, the *revues*. In every music-hall, a review of the events of the year; and, after the Parisian has looked upon Thérèse Humbert for a minute, he must look upon the Emperor for a quarter of an hour. A deserted stage; deserted for some twenty seconds, and then the slow, stately entrance of a comedian in a crown, a comedian whose hand clasps three or four baby boats—the Sahara fleet. And he calls and calls in vain for his equerries, for his soldiers, for his sailors, for his people; or he is suddenly surrounded by a motley crowd, who bow before him, and kiss his hand, and pay him splendid homage; but also beg a trifling loan, and disappear. Then, in the *revue*, the Parisian again may meet the ostriches, gossiping with the Emperor. And he may hear the Emperor reading the Imperial Proclamation to the Powers, and addressing an imaginary people, and bidding all jealous nations beware of Him and his vast, boundless Empire. Green, red, blue, yellow, and purple lights turned on the Emperor. Coloured lights let off in the wings. A crash from the orchestra. And then—the stirring March of the Sahara.

And no "peace" outside the music-hall. Down the street comes a tipsy fellow, who thickly announces, "I'm not going home. I'm never going home again. I'm going to the Sahara." Into a cab clamber four gay young Parisians, who tell the *cocher* to drive to the Sahara. And the cabman (at least, this particular cabman) drives the four gay young Parisians to a dark, deserted, dreary quarter, and says, "We are arrived, gentlemen. Here is the Sahara." Ah me, this Emperor! Bored to death, is the Parisian of the Sahara. With real feeling he cries, "Let there be a National Subscription, and, with the proceeds, let a ship be bought in which to send the Emperor straight to the Sahara."

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

Seasonable

If I don't see many people shivering outside this window, wrapped in costly furs, that is not because people in general can't afford furs, or because the British nation has put off effeminacy and luxury; it is simply because the weather is so inconsistently seasonable that furs are impossible. When summer comes upon us in all its Arctic glory it will be another matter. Then in all probability we shall have rain and cold. For the present, we have mostly rain, and if these words are belied before they appear in print, I disclaim all responsibility. The boast of our weather is its lack of conviction. Mr. Balfour himself was never less settled. On the whole, however, I stand by my word—that your modern winter is a condensed, damp, miserable business.

Ice

To speak of ice is to enrage the ardent skaters. They have recently enjoyed the usual experience of seeing a likely frost turn to a squalid thaw, just when the ice was getting thick enough for the drowning of superfluous idiots, and their temper is according. It would, no doubt, be worse were it not for the skating rinks, which are one of the inventions born of necessity. We defy Nature in our skating rinks. Having learnt to put our trust in Prince's, or, if not, in Hengler's, we have gone beyond the days of rollers, which are now left to the boy in the street, whose suicidal and homicidal tendencies lead him to wear one skate only. Here (in our own rinks) we dash wildly in tyronic efforts, or cut figures of various kinds to our heart's content, with the thermometer at sixty outside. Rink skating may be expensive; but the triumph over the Clerk of the Weather is cheap at the price.

Figures

Figures are of several sorts; I refer, of course, solely to figures that can be cut on the ice. There are, for instance, eights and threes; then there are variations. These may be voluntary or, more often, involuntary. The latter are the easier, and, often, the more striking of the two. Barring vine-leaves and other vagaries of the expert, there is one figure that anyone can cut; that is a ridiculous figure. You have merely to embark upon the circular surface in Argyll-street and endeavour, without sufficient knowledge, to "do" the outside edge; the skates, like the Kodak Company, do the rest. While you are in the hospital, you can read a book on figure skating, and learn exactly where you went wrong. Some good skaters can't do anything at Hengler's or Prince's because the space is so limited. They are the same folk who can do practically nothing at Wimbledon or the Welsh Harp when there is a real frost, because the place is so big, or so crowded, or because the ice is so lumpy, or so soft.

Skates

No one, of course, can skate, nowadays, without special skates, to which a pair of boots, that might be otherwise employed, must be hypothecated. Not to have such a pair of skates, and not to devote a pair of boots to them, would be the depth of folly for a good skater. To do so would, however, be extremely foolish on the part of a poor skater (I use the word "poor" in the same double sense as it has on the placards of the pavement artist, who embellishes certain hideous and chalky caricatures of distinguished generals, leading statesmen, domestic scenes, angels, and shipwrecks, with the legend, "This is the work of a poor artist"). Such a course would be doubly extravagant. It would deprive him, not only of hard cash, but of his best excuse for non-success. The man who gets up from the ice, explaining, as he dries his legs or rubs his funny bone, that "this is what comes of blunt edges," or, "I knew the fool hadn't fastened these on properly," may still retain a vestige of dignity. But with special skates screwed on to special boots the only expedient is to pretend that, "after all, nothing comes up to the old wooden skates." And that deceives no one.

The Art of Falling

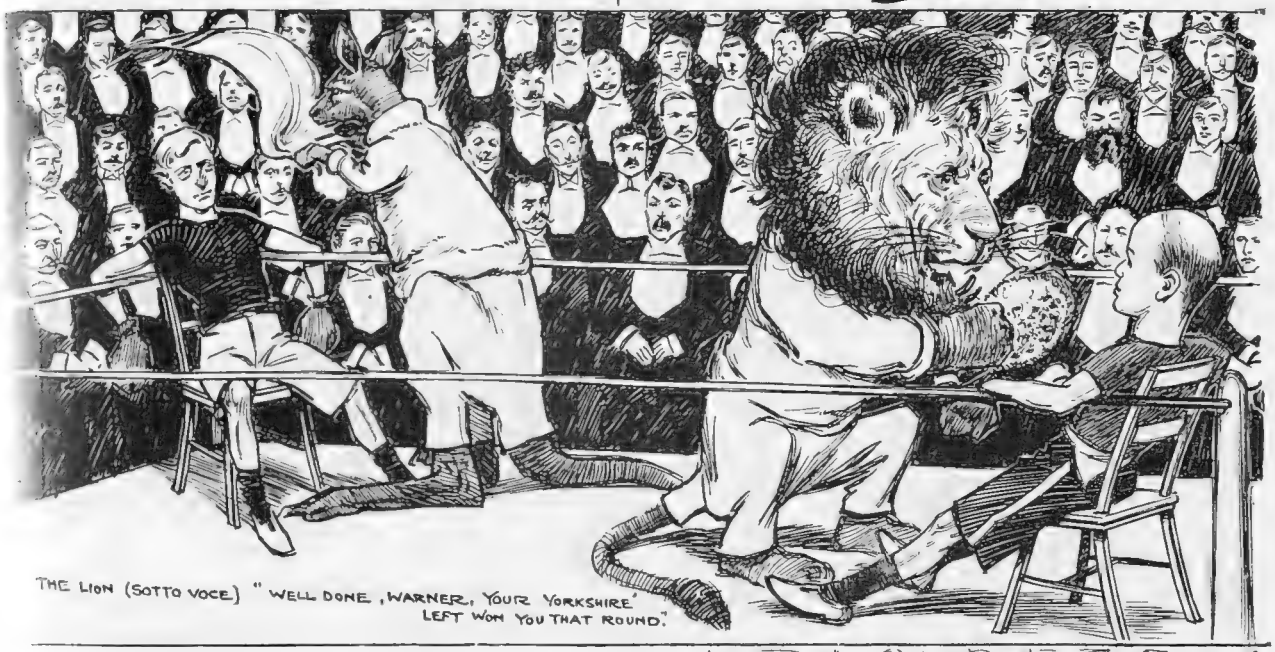
That there is an art of falling none will deny. From the hunting field to the ice, the practice of it makes perfect. In the hunting field, the great thing is to keep hold of the reins. On the ice the chief thing is not to come down on the back of the head. Out hunting, it is most disagreeable to be jumped on whilst emerging painfully from a ditch. On the ice it is usually painful to be skated into whilst rising from the surface. In each case the person with whose progress you interfere is sure to hurl curses at your aching head for being in the way. When you run into someone else, and knock them down, or cut across another man at his jump, the great thing is to scowl first and mutter the most savagely. This is one of the cardinal rules of life: it is true of private persons and of States; it is the law and the profits of diplomacy. Success can only be gained by address. But, like "bluffing" in poker or the Far East, it is a paying game. If you collide with a lady, you instantly apologise with a superior air. By making this your rule of conduct on the ice, you will become, if not exactly popular, probably feared. And that is the next best thing. A splendid isolation (no pun is intended) covers a multitude of events.

CLUBBITE.

The Topictator

THE NEW MOTOR-CAR ACT
(THE KING'S MOTOR-CARS ARE EXEMPT)

MR CHAMBERLAIN HAS BEEN UNABLE TO ACCEPT AUSTRALIA'S INVITATION.



THE LION (SOTTO VOCE) "WELL DONE, WARNER, YOUR YORKSHIRE LEFT WON YOU THAT ROUND."

A JURYMAN AT STREATHAM DECLINED THE OFFICE OF FOREMAN OF THE JURY BECAUSE HE SAID THE JOB REQUIRED A MAN WITH A GOOD STRONG VOICE.

A WINTER SALE. A GLIMPSE (ALL A MAN EVER GETS — OR WANTS)

FROM ABROAD

Rome

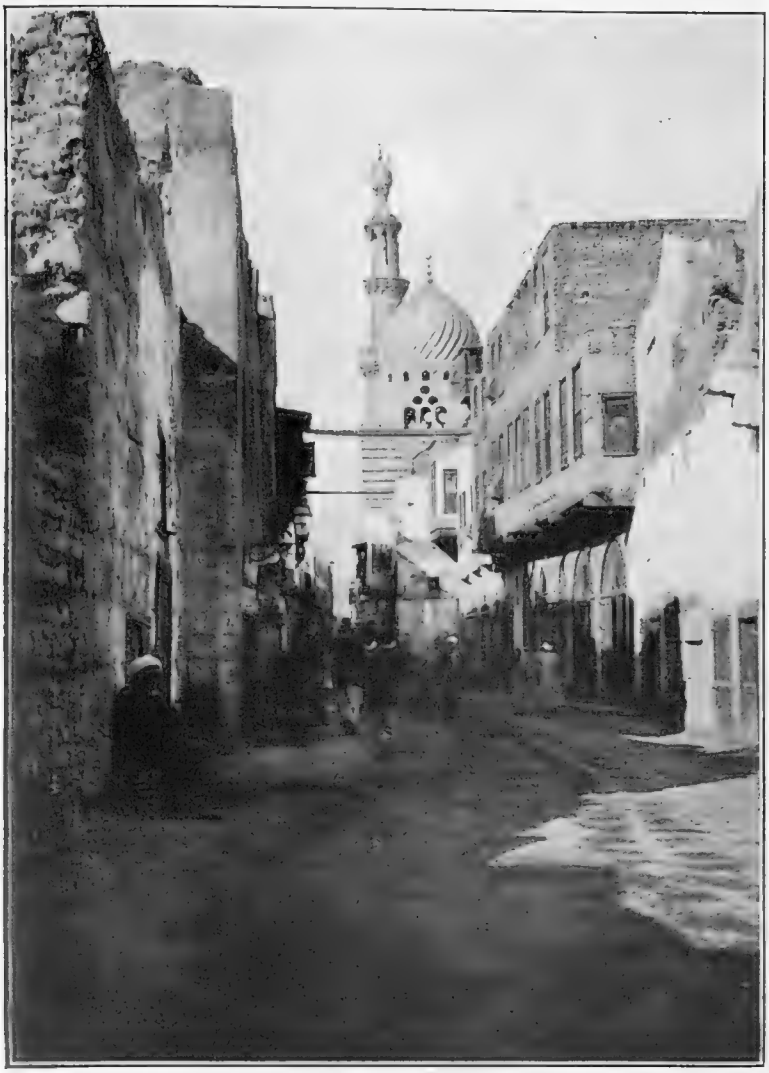
Last week the King visited the Military Hospital, among his suite being General Brusati and Admiral di Libero. His Majesty passed through the wards, frequently stopping by the beds of the sick men, speaking words of encouragement to them, and inquiring whether they had any wishes he could carry out for them. The sick men were greatly touched by the tenderness His Majesty displayed towards them. Indeed, it is extraordinary how, in the short time King Victor Emmanuel has, with his consort, Queen Elena, been on the throne, he has succeeded in fully gaining the affection of his subjects. At the time he succeeded his lamented father he was anything but popular. A man of determination and character he was allowed to be; but the popular supposition was that he was unsympathetic and cold. Italy has learned, since then, that a reserved and somewhat shy nature sometimes masks the most tender heart.

St. Jean de Luz

It is only the other day that THE BYSTANDER published some notes on St. Jean de Luz. But we are having such a gay season here, and so much is going on that we must, so to speak, "splash our souls upon paper." At the Hôtel de l'Océan on Christmas eve the proprietors gave a fancy dress dinner, which was a great success. One gentleman, of somewhat corpulent dimensions, attired himself as a little boy and provided much mirth and—indigestion! A French judge, also, was in anything but a sedate costume and, indeed, laughter and merriment were the order of the day. By the way, Badminton has become very popular here this season, and quite lately we have been in the throes of a tournament. The stock question among members of the club has been, "What are your points?" There is still room here for visitors—if sporting.

A Photograph Taken at Night in New York

Showing the fireworks display in the occasion of the opening of the new bridge over the East River, New York City



A Street in Cairo

The Chateau de Largeais

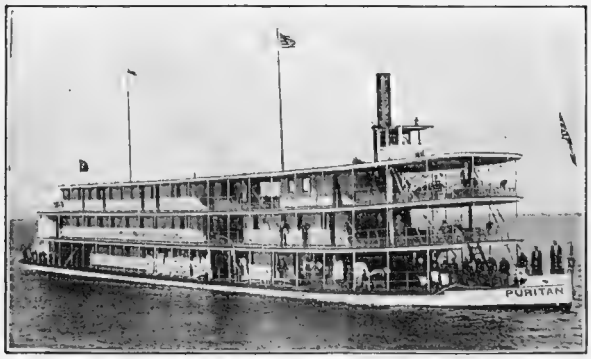
One of the "lions" of Châteauland, as the Touraine district of France is often called, has been presented to the Institut de France. It is the Château de Largeais, near Tours, and M. and Mme. Siegfried, the owners, have spent a fortune on its restoration, and are now presenting it to the Institut de France, who will have full power over it on the death of the present heir. The Château de Largeais is a masterpiece of fifteenth century military architecture. It is a grey fortress, in the very centre of a little village, and is chiefly remarkable, among the *châteaux* of the Loire, as marking a transition architecture from massive force to elegance. Heavy, massive, and sombre, it entirely dominates the little village at its feet. The interior is as magnificent as the exterior is imposing, and fine views are to be obtained from the walk round the great towers. In the great hall of the *château*, Anne of Britanny married her first husband, Charles VIII., in 1491.

Notes from Cairo

The season at Cairo this year gives promise of being one of the most brilliant on record. Hosts of English and Americans are now on their way thither, while those who have been compelled to delay their departure, on account of the tremendous strain placed upon the shipping companies, will doubtless be taking leave of their friends ere these lines appear in print. For those who find change of scene and surroundings as essential to the completion of their winter "cure," as mere change of air, Cairo and the Nile can scarcely be beaten. The winter climate of Egypt generally is ideal in every respect, for what more could mortal man desire than a succession of weeks of sunny days, a total immunity from fogs, and just sufficient rain to make it welcome when it comes? Egypt in winter may be described as Mayfair

Chateau de Largeais, near Tours

Which has been presented by its owners, M. and Mme. Siegfried, to the Institut de France



One of the Nile Steamers Belonging to the Anglo-American Nile Company

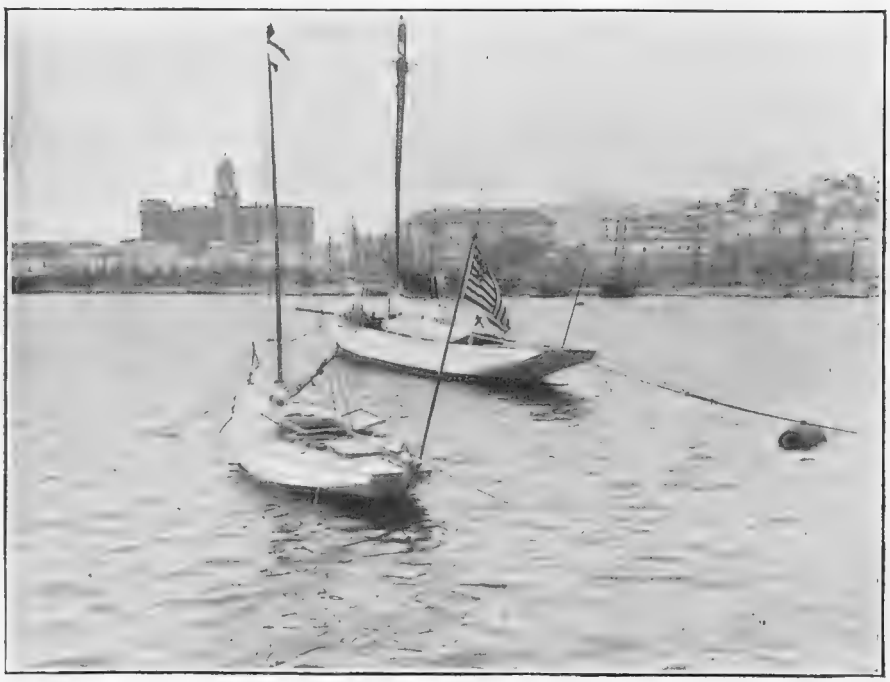
by the Nile, so fashionable has it become of late years as a winter resort. The methods of "doing" Egypt are numberless. The more general plan, adopted by those wishing to see something of its many wonders, is to spend a fortnight or so in Cairo itself, and then to devote a month or six weeks to sightseeing up the Nile. A return visit can be paid to Cairo in time for the gaieties which take place in March every year. The trip up the Nile may be made either by steamer, dahabieh, or train and steamer combined. Quite one of the most enjoyable, however, is to travel by the luxurious steamers of the Anglo-American Nile Company, whose boats leave Cairo frequently during the season, and convey the tourist to the First Cataract and southwards to Khartoum. This year, for the first time, tourists will be enabled to visit Uganda by the steamers of the Soudan Government, returning by way of Fashoda of recent historical interest. The steamers of the Anglo-American Company, who, by the way, have offices at No. 72, Regent-street, W., have been built expressly for the Nile service. They are more like floating hotels than anything else, being fitted up with all the most modern and up-to-date conveniences. The gaieties of a Cairo season, once experienced, leave an impression on the mind that is seldom forgotten. There are State balls, receptions, dinner parties, picnics, gymkhanas, theatricals, tennis and polo parties, to mention only a few of the diversions indulged in by the hosts of English and Americans that throng its numerous fashionable hotels during the season.

A Risky Voyage

The little boat (*Columbia II.*), lately lying in Malaga Harbour, was brought single-handed across the Atlantic from Boston. Her captain has returned home, and hopes to show the yacht at the St. Louis Exhibition.

Winter Attractions of the Riviera

For some time past the season on the Riviera has been growing later and later in its commencement, and the great exodus South, which at one time usually began with the appearance of the first November fogs, has, of recent years, been postponed until well on towards the end of January. The season there, as elsewhere in the Mediterranean, promises to be a particularly gay one. At Nice, the Committee of Fêtes have issued their programme. Starting with the Charity Ball on Saturday, January 30, King Carnival XXXII. will make his appearance on Thursday, February 4, from which date until the grand International Regatta, will be held a succession of amusements, including battles of flowers, masked balls at the opera house, processions, and firework displays. Monte Carlo is unsurpassed for the brilliancy and variety of its amusements; it is rightly considered the smartest winter resort in the world. This year a very special effort is being made to attract visitors to the gay Principality. The Casino authorities have, as usual, arranged a splendid programme of amusements, including, in addition to pigeon-shooting, horseracing, *fêtes*, and carnivals, an exhibition of motor-boats, to be held during the Easter holidays. Over £4,000 in cash prizes will be divided among the winning competitors. The regatta will take place in the Bay of Monaco, an eight-mile course having been carefully chosen between Monaco, Nice, and Cannes. An entrance-fee of £4 for intending exhibitors is the sole qualification. The exhibition has been organised with a view not only to attract visitors to the Riviera, but also to enable those who may be interested in the question involved to obtain practical ideas respecting this novel method of navigation.



The Boat, "Columbia II.," which Sailed Across the Atlantic from Boston to Malaga

Signor Pellegrini, the artist, writes as follows regarding this drawing :—

"*At Mandello (near Como) the Feast of the Epiphany is celebrated every year on the 6th of January, when men disguised according to tradition as Magi Kings, descend in procession down the mountain sides, and the peasants warmly greet them with gifts. Their costumes remain faithful to the old Italian period, which tradition ascribes to the locality of Mandello. This sketch was drawn from life.*

Mr. and Mrs. Syers

Mrs. Syers, the champion lady skater, will compete with the best men skaters in the world for the figure skating championship

International Skating

The International Skating Competitions take place on Saturday and Sunday, January 16 and 17, and this winter include the European Championship both in figure and speed skating. Some of the competitors who have arrived, or are expected this week, include Mr. and Mrs. Syers, who have obtained permission to compete with the men in the figure skating championship, Captain Wynyard, Mr. Le Fleming, Mr. Gwynne Evans, Miss Squire, Mr. Crossfield, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Stenning. The "foreign" champions are not expected at Davos until after the championship races at Berlin. I learn that the entries this year for championship honours will be more numerous, and the speed competition especially will be keenly contested.

Skating in Paris

Reading the reports from London, we have pitied the poor skating enthusiasts who, in the fulness of their hearts, brought out their skates, and made all preparations for some days' enjoyment of skating, only to find that, after all the inconveniences of a frost had been suffered, a thaw immediately set in. We, in Paris, have been more fortunate. Hundreds of people have disported themselves upon the waters of the Cercle du Bois de Boulogne, hundreds of knickerbockers, *à l'Anglais*, have been produced, and we should not like to say how many hundreds of "croppers" have resulted. But we have enjoyed ourselves; we have shouted, screamed, cajoled (our fair friends) as the case might be; and we know how to make the most of the fun, in Paris, while it lasts! We have a night *fête* an orchestra to play new skating numbers from their *repertoire;* a *chef d'orchestre;* and—how it will make your mouth water, skaters—little tables, delightfully decorated, where *chic* little dinners are served, which can even be ordered by telephone.

A Progressive G.P.O.

The General Post Office in Frankfort on the Main have struck on a novel idea of using the already existing electric tramway lines and power by connecting the courtyard by short rails to the rail-system, and in a similar way to the railway-station. By these means they run their own

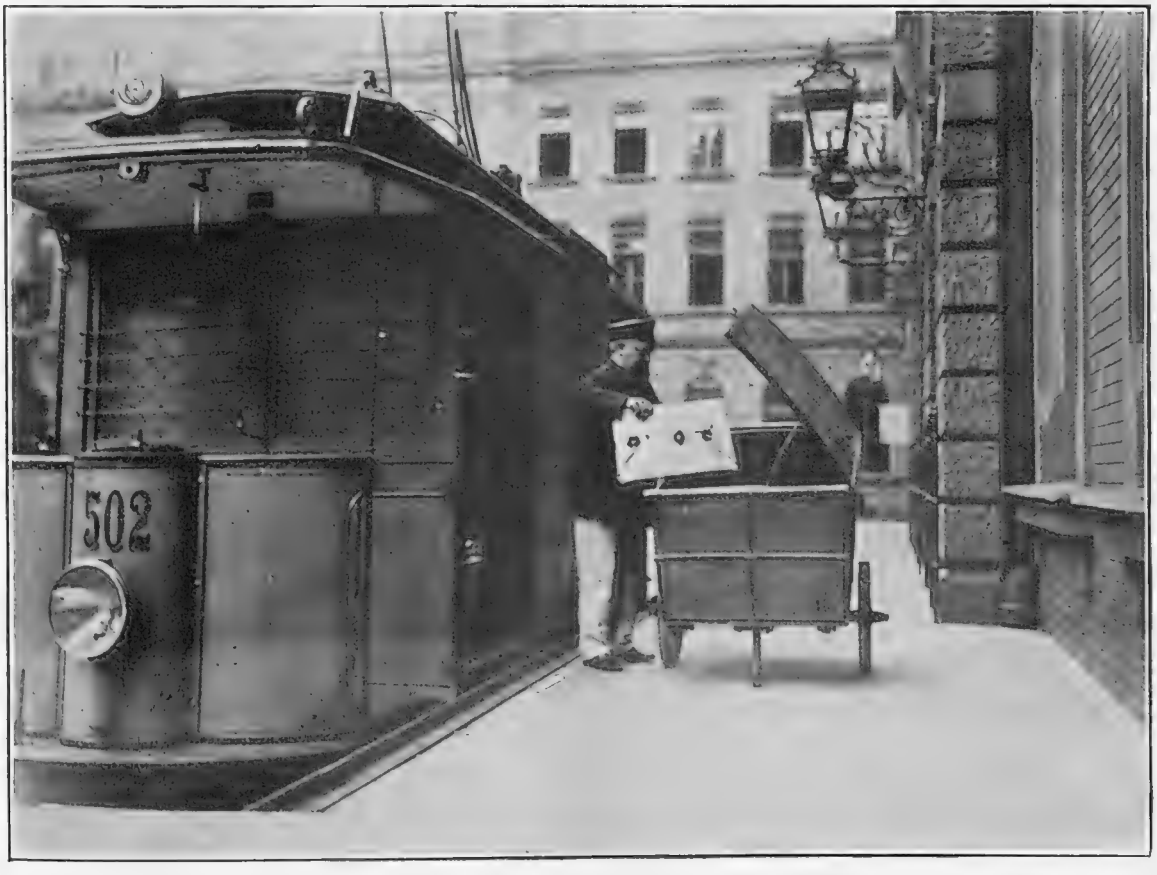
Old Montreux, Showing Lake Leman on the Right

The Post Office Electric Car at Frankfort Leaving the Courtyard with the Mail

specially built electric cars, which not only carry ten times as much as a two-horse post-car, but also at a much quicker rate. The car runs alongside the train, and therefore can be very quickly despatched.

40,000 "Grass" Widows

Some recently published statistics establish the interesting fact that within the borders of the Austrian Empire there are very few less than forty thousand "grass" widows! In the province of Galicia alone there are shown to be upwards of fifteen thousand, while Carnicia claims to have nearly seven thousand. The remainder are distributed over other portions of the Empire; but they are all eloquent of the same fact. Dearth of work compels the men to forsake their homes, and to search for employment wherever there is a chance of obtaining it, leaving their better halves, for the time being, husbandless. There are scores of villages in Austria which, for eleven months out of the twelve, are veritable Adamless Edens, owing to this enforced absence of the breadwinners. Happily, things are not quite so bad as that in this country, but in the course of time they may become so.



Unloading the Mail Electric Car at Frankfort Railway Station

CONCERNING THE DUKE

There is a universal belief, which is not altogether without grounds, that waking people up is not very much in the Duke of Devonshire's line; yet in the course of the past few months he has certainly played his part in the work of throwing the country into a state of sustained political excitement. He has not done such a thing since the fevered days of 1886, when seventy Liberal Members of Parliament met at Devonshire House to express their disapproval of the first Home Rule Bill, and Lord Hartington (as the Duke then was) addressed the first meeting of allied Conservatives and Liberal Unionists at the great meeting in Her Majesty's Theatre.

His action at that time was typical. He did it because he thought he ought to, not because he expected to gain anything by it. It led to Lord Salisbury urging him most strongly to take the Premiership when Mr. Gladstone resigned three months later. He declined; nor was that the only time he deliberately put aside the highest position a British subject can attain.

The Duke is one of the last of the grand seigneurs. It is rather a lonely position. There will never be any more of them in England, unless we take to "living backwards," and there are few enough left—some would say, not more than two or three; but however small the list, nobody would dream of excluding from it the Dukes of Norfolk and Devonshire, two men alike in few other respects, among the few being the wearing of a beard, and the position of ex-Postmaster-General. The Duke of Devonshire comes of a stock whose traditions he alone, of all its offshoots, has been able and willing fully to maintain: the stock of the great Whig grandees of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He has their blood — his nobility dates from the dissolution of the monasteries by King Hal; he has their vast territorial importance —about 186,000 acres of it, with some mines, and several historic houses thrown in; and with it, of course, their wealth, of which his magnificent entertainment of the King, at Chatsworth, last week, has put the public in mind; he has their conscientious devotion to the political and social duties of rank and great possessions, a devotion which gave them the immeasurable influence in public life which has withered away since the Reform Bill was made law.

Yet that influence cannot die while the Duke lives as its chief repository. This fact was forced on the country very powerfully but a few short weeks ago, when a single letter from the Duke to Mr. Balfour bade fair to ruin a Ministry, and wreck one of the great parties in the State. He exercised, then, the same power that he put forth, or the first time, in 1859, when he made his mark in the House of Commons, at the age of twenty-six, by moving the resolution which threw out Lord Derby's Ministry and its plan for the reform of the franchise—the power of the old Whig aristocracy, which never yet had anything savouring of Radicalism in its composition. Through all the after-time, Lord Hartington stood apart from the rapid development of political Liberalism. He saw much more of the Conservative connection in all his personal doings at Newmarket and in Society (for he followed the traditions of the great Whig clans in taking politics and the Turf as the two absorbing occupations of life). "My early and accurate knowledge of all Gladstone's Cabinet secrets" Lord Beaconsfield once genially declared to be due to Lord Hartington's choice of private acquaintanceship with him.

Disraeli said another thing of Lord Hartington, which was more serious and less biting. He noticed that the young man yawned in the middle of his own maiden speech in the House of Commons. "He'll do," said the sage observer of men, who drew the character of St. Aldegonde in "Lothair," always taken as a representation of the young Lord Hartington, with no unfriendly hand. And it was Lord Hartington who, almost alone of Liberal politicians, said a good word for Disraeli during the storm period of the Midlothian campaign. "No one," said he, "can justly attribute any mean or unworthy motives to Lord Beaconsfield." This was bad partisanship; but it was the speaker's notion of the honest thing to say.

The yawn that Disraeli noticed has become historic, so much so that many doubt its having been yawned at all. But Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, Disraeli's latest biographer, insists upon it. The Duke, however, though less wakeful than some of his contemporaries, has a sound brain, firm convictions, and a sense of humour. "A delightful place—when you succeed in getting here," was his famous remark on a colleague's new house in South Kensington.

"Really," said the future Duke, when the proposal was mooted at a Cabinet Council of putting a stop to working-men's Sunday meetings in Hyde Park, "I don't see how, if you throw the Park open to mobs of well-dressed people on weekdays, you can keep a rather less well-dressed mob out of it on Sunday."

Of all the British noblemen who have visited the United States, the then young Lord Hartington made, with the exception, perhaps, of Lord Rosebery, the most favourable impression in American society, and his decorating himself with the colours worn by one of his partners at a certain ball is a well-remembered incident among the Four Hundred. That, of course, was long ago, in days when a young British peer crossing the Atlantic was not construed by everyone as a general proposal of marriage to the wealthy spinsterhood of the nation.

Chatsworth, the finest of the Duke's seven great houses, is probably the most magnificent and beautifully situated country seat in the world. If its picture galleries, with their priceless treasures, and its collections of sculpture and books have rivals in private hands, its conservatories are said to have none in Europe, and its fountains to be surpassed only by those at Versailles. And there is no more honest, more kindly, or more fearless man than the owner of Chatsworth, though there may be some more ambitious and more active. He stands a unique figure in our political life. May he stand there long.

The Duke of Devonshire

"AT THE SIGN OF THE TIMES"

The Art of Reading Newspapers

It has occurred to me that a few words on the art of reading newspapers might not be out of place in this column. Read newspapers we must, unless, like Mr. Balfour, we occupy a position in which things ephemeral do not concern us. On the other hand, we cannot, most of us, spare the time to read the whole of a newspaper. unless, again, it be a ha'penny one and we are willing to risk a shock to the nervous system. Whatever journal, therefore, we take in—of the many which have the largest circulation in the world—we have still to face the question, What to read and what to avoid? Upon the practical answer to this depends, as it seems to me, much of our present happiness and more of our future prosperity.

Consists in Concentrating the Attention

Some men are so thoughtless that, without hesitation, they plunge daily into the whirl of the money market, racing intelligence, or police news, and dissipate what little powers of concentration they possess upon quotations and flotations, odds and winners, costs and damages. By the time they have arrived at the City such men have impaired their digestions and lost their tempers. Far better it would have been if they had confined themselves to births, deaths, and marriages. It may not be stimulating to learn that Ralph Plumme Topkinson, of Broadmead, West Kensington, son of the late Henry Plumme Topkinson, of Apsley House, Upper Tooting, and of the Manor Lodge, Bickersly, was wedded on the 9th to (Mrs.) Arabella Letitia Clump, widow of J. Clump, Esq., late of Madras, and great grand-niece of Lieutenant General Podkin (Indian papers please copy)—it may not be stimulating to learn this; but it is harmless. Business men do not need perpetual stimulants. It is not as if they were Cabinet Ministers.

Upon the Soothing Leader Column

That is why, for the business portion of the community, I can recommend that too much neglected portion of the newspaper—the leader columns. The soothing iterations of well-worn truths which come under this heading may be read with advantage by men who have to look forward to a strenuous day, and half an hour in the train may easily be passed by going through these columns and counting the number of different ways in which a single idea may be expressed. The result of your calculations may be communicated in a letter to the editor of the particular paper, who will always be grateful for assistance of this kind. Do not worry about the political prejudices which are sometimes revealed by the most experienced of leader-writers. You cannot expect a man to be entirely without views of his own, however long he has been on the staff of a paper; and though you yourself have remained, say, a Tariff Reformer all your life, remember that there are men who quite sincerely believe in the quaint doctrine of Free Trade.

All Foreign News

To foreign intelligence too much attention cannot be paid "Contradiction," said Socrates (a Greek philosopher who used to stand on one leg for twenty-four hours), "is the beginning of knowledge" and if this be true, as we cannot doubt, foreign intelligence does more than anything else to educate the nation. You want to know, perhaps, if Japan has declared war. Read your paper:—"War has been formally declared at Tokio, 6 p.m." "6.30 p.m. Everything points to a peaceful solution of the Far Eastern Question. The Empress of China informed our special representative this morning, 'Jap-man and Russia-man muchee talkee; no muchee fightee. Chinaman no likee.' This may be taken to mean that China has indicated her clear intention of protesting, by every means in her power, against the Manchurian question being referred to the arbitrament of war." "7.30 p.m. The Tsar of Russia has given notice that he wishes to refer the question of Russian rights in Korea to The Hague Convention." With this, or similarly irreconcilable news, we may improve our minds every day of the week, and realise how thankful we ought to be to civilisation for supplying us with cables and telegraphs.

And Parts of the Weather Report

It is right, also, that we should sometimes read the weather report. Weather reporters stand almost alone in this one respect, that they never pander to the public. Sunshine or rain, calm or storm, they never hesitate to speak their minds about what is coming. Not that

they are invariably correct, since to err is human; not, either, that they are invariably intelligible to the plain man; speaking for myself, they are usually unintelligible. The progress of an anti-cyclone—or, indeed, of a cyclone—over Scandinavia signifies nothing to me. The atmospheric pressure in the Fiji Islands may be something incredible: I am unable to deduce from it whether I ought or ought not to take an umbrella with me when I go out, but I read about these things with respect; for the phrases which are obscure to me are, in effect, only another proof of the uncompromising directness of the meteorologist. Not even in word will he debase himself or depart from the high standard which he has set up. You will not find in him any cheap rhetoric or smart writing. Paradox and epigram are nothing in his eyes. He has his science and will not popularise it: nor would you catch him larking, even if the skies fall.

But Chiefly and Above all

How much more admirable is it to linger over these sober reports than to fritter away one's time on what are sometimes called newsy paragraphs. You know the kind of thing: headed, "Tariff Reformer Leaves Wife at Church Door"; or, "Cwt. of Radium Discovered in Dead Miser's Tea-Kettle"; or, "Grateful Maoris Send Joe an Orchid." News of this kind is, no doubt, necessary. It inculcates such truths as that no views on finance justify a man in upsetting the marriage laws; that the possession of valuables need not preclude a man from drinking tea; that a strong statesman can impress his personality upon the least likely subjects. At the same time, such truths lead to distraction.

It Consists in Studying Advertisements

I have shown, so far, that the wise reader of a daily paper will refrain from what is sensational and fugitive, and devote himself to what is peaceful educational, and enduring. I have spoken of the leader columns, foreign intelligence, and the weather report as examples of what should be read. But, better than any of these, I must account—what so many readers thoughtlessly skip—advertisements. What a world of thought they open up! What terseness and simplicity they exhibit; what generosity and knowledge of life! Perhaps, at some future date, I may be able to express some of the emotions with which they fill me. Meanwhile, gentle reader, study advertisements.

MINIMUS.

The Smoking Room of the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York

America is far ahead of us in the palatial appointments of her theatres. Our readers will recollect the description of the gorgeous rooms and marble staircases of the Iroquois Theatre, which made such a vivid contrast to the terrible scenes that took place there

Flowering Shrubs

It is a commonplace that flowering shrubs are not planted nearly so much as they deserve to be. Even in the smallest gardens, where the excuse might be made, with some show of reason, that space was too precious, a miserable planting of cherry or Portugal laurel is often to be seen, which could very well give place to some flowering shrub or shrubs, affording constant beauty, instead of the grimy, stunted appearance of what, in its proper situation, would be noble growth. The dislike of some who are just obtaining a glimmering of better garden ideals to the laurel is unreasonable. Like every other plant, in its own place it is beautiful, but its place is certainly not the few square yards of a suburban garden, where it is a mere caricature of the fine tree into which it develops when planted in great masses in some wide, half-shady spot. But the owner of a suburban garden, however small, when he has cleared his precious space of the smoke-choked evergreens which the taste of a former tenant, or of a generous landlord, has bequeathed him, would do well to replace some of them by shrubs which will give him a better return of beauty and interest. The space need not be grudged, for even the narrow oblong of turf walk and border will be improved by having its uninteresting lines broken, and great relief will be afforded to the eye in winter time even by the bare branches of a deciduous shrub.

The Suburban Strip

If every laurel in every small garden within five miles of St. Paul's were done away with, and its place taken by one or another of the flowering shrubs that are even now common in suburban gardens—lilacs, thorns, flowering currants, and the rest—the gain would be immense. But there are others, less well known, which equally deserve to be grown, and would do quite as well. There are the Forsythias, commonly known as Golden Bell, especially *Forsythia suspensa*, which would look beautiful trained along a fence, and would grow almost anywhere, and *Kerria japonica*, sometimes, but wrongly, called Bachelor's Button. Some of the berberries, with their scarlet fruit and often brilliant autumn foliage, ought to be grown. *Berberis Darwinii* and the evergreen *Berberis aquifolium* would do well, and *Forsythia suspensa* might be grouped with them. *Daphne Mezereum* has sweet-scented

The Gardens, Wishaw House

flowers in midwinter, flowering on bare branches, and in summer dark green leaves and scarlet berries. Then there are some of the brooms, notably *Genista æthnensis*, which bears its golden flowers in the late summer, and will grow to a height of twelve feet or more; also the dwarf *Genista hispanica*, which is covered with blossom. Both of these would thrive in poor soil. *Pyrus malus floribunda* ought to be in every garden. There is no early flowering tree which bears such a wealth of beautiful blossom. The shrubby spiræas must also be mentioned. Any of the varieties of japonica would thrive in a town garden. "Anthony Waterer," which bears brilliant rosy blossoms in the summer, is the best of them. These are a very few of the beautiful things that are worth growing, and would thrive in a suburban, or even in a town, garden, and whose growth would give constant pleasure to their possessors.

Wishaw House, the Seat of Lord Belhaven

It will be remembered that the Master of Belhaven, Lord Belhaven's heir has lately become engaged to Lady Grizel Cochrane

Another View of the Gardens at Wishaw House

The Larger Garden

It is, however, in gardens where economy of space is not so much an object that the best effects can be gained from the use of flowering and other shrubs. Much has been written against crowding together a number of totally different forms of growth in the usual choked-up shrubbery, where the beauty of none can be enjoyed; and certainly the enormous number of shrubs whose habit deserves that they shall be seen in all their beauty, instead of being penned in where, at the best, their form is hidden, makes this popular kind of planting undesirable. But it must not be forgotten that the common form of shrubbery is usually planted either as a protection or as a mask, and there is a right way, as well as a wrong, to fulfil this object. If the planting is bold, with five or six of each variety planted at a good distance apart, and the whole connected by a liberal use of some one well-selected evergreen running right through the scheme, and giving unity to it, the effect will be good; but such planting requires great care as well as knowledge, and, generally speaking, for the purposes of a screen it would be better to keep to one thing alone. Rhododendrons, for instance, used for this purpose, never look just right unless they have a wide space entirely to themselves, but a long border of rhododendrons, not straight, but breaking out now and again in bold masses, is a beautiful sight when in flower, and may be relieved, when the bloom is over, by clumps of lilies planted in the bays and hollows of its irregular lines.

The Shrub Garden

Happy the man who can afford for his flowering shrubs and trees and has a stretch of undulating ground, where each variety can be planted separately, or in conjunction with others well adapted for contrast. There are many such shrub gardens all over the country, and their possession is a constant delight to their owners. If the varieties are cleverly grouped, with broad grass walks, well mown, running through the whole, there will be few parts of the garden which will be visited oftener, although not by the gardener, for this style of gardening demands little attention beyond the occasional mowing of the grass and some attention at pruning time. No bare soil will ever be seen in the shrub garden, but the whole will grow naturally out of the meadow grass, which will be carpeted with bulbs in the spring, and will give many beautiful garden pictures at all seasons of the year.

Mr. G. Massey, of Spalding, lately sold some of these Potatoes at £10 apiece. They are only about the size of a pullet's egg

The Sir John Llewellyn, another Famous Potato

POTATOES WORTH 200 TIMES THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD

Our readers will be interested to see photographs of the wonderful potatoes whose alleged powers have led to prices being given for them which are simply stupendous. A grower near Boston recently obtained 37cwt. from a single stone of Eldorados.

Tobacco-growing in Connecticut: A White Cheesecloth City.

TOBACCO GROWN UNDER TENTS

White cheesecloth tents of an enormous size will rise next spring all over the tobacco district of Connecticut, causing the quiet country land to resemble a colossal circus. Under the white tents Sumatra leaf-tobacco will be grown, and this leaf will be so much finer than the sort raised in the open fields that it will fetch 68 cents a pound, whereas the other fetches but 25 cents.

Ariel Mitchelson, of Tariffville, Connecticut, inaugurated the idea of tobacco growing under cover. Companies for this novel sort of tobacco culture were formed and incorporated. Strong efforts were made towards buying up the best tobacco lands f Connecticut and Massachusetts. The value of these lands went up amazingly. Business boomed in an unprecedented way.

In the tents Sumatra leaf tobacco was planted, and soon as the plants began to grow, the advantages f the cheesecloth covering began to manifest emselves.

First, there was the freedom from insects. Insects are the great bane of tobacco. Against them the leaves must be sprayed; and in Cuba, indeed, the growers watch their plants eternally, night and day, and pick off the insects by hand, for they hold there that spraying injures the flavour of the leaf.

Again, there was the proper, humid temperature that the tents maintained of themselves. The cold of the early spring nights, which so much retards open-grown tobacco's growth, was not felt under the cheesecloth.

The soil kept soft; it did not harden nor cake. These tents, in a word, united all the advantages of the open air and of the hothouse. The plants had the hardy vigour of their outdoor brothers, and, at the same time, they had the fineness that a hothouse's protection gives. By the time early summer had arrived, some had reached so great a height that their leaves touched the nine-foot roof.

Interior of an Eight-Acre Tent: The Tobacco Plant under this Shelter Attains a Height of Nine Feet

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE.

"The German Emperor's Speeches: Being A Selection from the Speeches, Edicts, Letters and Telegrams of the Emperor William II." Translated by Louis Elkind, M.D. (Longmans, 12*s.* 6*d.* net).

"A Queen of Tears: Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, and Princess of England, Sister of George III." By W. H. Wilkins, Author of "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen," etc. (Longmans; 2 vols.; Illustrated. 36*s.*)

"Labour and Other Questions in South Africa," by "Judicus"—the result of a recent tour in South Africa. (Fisher, Unwin, 7*s.* 6*d.*)

FICTION

"The American Prisoner." By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen, 6*s.*)

"The Misrule of Three." By Florence Warden. (Fisher Unwin, 6*s.*)

The Yellow Magnet

"My Adventures on the Australian Goldfields." By W. Craig. (Cassell and Co. London: 1903)

To say that the last century was a period marked by remarkable progress in the colonisation of the world is, of course, to enunciate a truism; but it is one thing to accept carelessly an undisputed proposition, and quite another to understand to the full the truth it contains. It is difficult to realise that a period of barely fifty years separates the Australia of our day from the Australia described by Mr. Craig in his book; indeed, it is only by an effort that the reader can remember that what he is reading is actual history, and not fiction of the "Treasure Island" type, or even an Adelphi drama, with the feminine element replaced by a superabundance of villains.

Shortly before 1850 the population of Australia consisted of farmers and convicts, neither of which class is noted for its progressive qualities. The first step in the real development of the country, a development which was afterwards to proceed with such rapidity, was the discovery of gold; and the author is probably right when he says:

> Had the progress of Australasia depended mainly on the flock-owners, settlement would not yet have made any considerable advance beyond the seaboard. . . . It must be admitted that to the courage, enterprise, resolution, and endurance of the gold-miners in the face of disappointments, hardships, and oppressive legislation, the Colonies are mainly indebted for their present flourishing position.

But of course it was not only the energetic and hardy who were attracted by the new discoveries; the prospect of picking up a fortune easily proved equally pleasing to the criminal classes, of whom there were many representatives on the spot. As regards the generality of criminals, it must be remembered that there were many whose offences would not, at the present time, be regarded very seriously; even the notorious Captain Melville received his sentence of transportation for the mere theft of a pie; at the same time, the harshness of the treatment meted out to offenders of all classes at that period, especially in the settlements of Van Diemen's Land and Norfolk island, was, in numberless cases, responsible for their fall to lower depths. Also, as the author points out with respect to Melbourne, "it was the educated and refined of the immigrants from Britain who mainly augmented the ranks of the pariahs and criminal classes," because they represented the physically unfit, and, as such, went under.

As regards the diggings, however, it was the hardened gaol-bird who presented the chief difficulty; and it was one of these, of the worst type, who proved the evil genius of the author. After a short period spent as a hand on a sheep-farm, Mr. Craig proceeded to a newly discovered field in the Jim Crow ranges, with four companions. One of the latter, by name Burns, proved to be an incorrigible ruffian. One of his first acts was to conspire, with a kindred spirit, to rob the author of the fruit of several weeks' toil. The scheme was successful; but the accomplice outwitted his partner in crime by absconding with the whole of the profits. Burns's next move was to gather round himself three others of a similar character, and the quartette spent their time, between occasional work, on their claim, which turned out to be very rich, and drunken debauches of a most lurid description, varied by more than one attempt to rob and murder Mr. Craig. Finally, sodden with drink, and believing himself haunted by the ghost of one of his friends, whom he had murdered, he put an end to himself in a most horrible manner.

But it must not be supposed that the book consists entirely of horrors; there is a very good description of life in the mining camp at Bendigo, where the author stayed for some time, and the scenes on the road thither. Some notion of the disadvantages with which the pioneers had to contend may be gathered from the following result of the difficulties afforded by the transport of provisions to the camps:

> The immense amount of animal life sacrificed before the construction of roads induced a sharp business man to start a bone-

mill on Bendigo. It became more profitable than gold-mining, and regular supplies of bone-dust have been sent thence to almost every part of Australia.

An interesting account is also given of the fight between the miners and the police, supported by the military, at the Eureka stockade, at which he was present, and the causes which led thereto. Naturally, Mr. Craig is inclined to favour the miners' side of the question; but his account, on the whole, seems impartial, and doubtless the difficulties would never have arisen but for the want of sympathy shown by the government, and the tyrannical police, who were composed principally of ne'er-do-wells of influential British families. Peter Lalor, one of the leaders of the rising, and subsequently first member for Ballarat, in the Legislative Assembly, and, later, Cabinet Minister and Speaker of the House, he knew fairly intimately, and gives an interesting sketch of his remarkable personality. Other entertaining personal anecdotes are given of McLachlan, or "Bendigo Mac," the well-known resident magistrate of Bendigo, and one of whose characteristic sayings is worth quoting here "The Court will dispense with legal technicalities and concern itself mainly with justice." With Melville, the Bushranger, Mr. Craig also came into contact, and seems to have been greatly struck by the former's refinement and generosity; so much so that, as stated in the preface, the book owes its existence mainly to an article which the author came across accidentally and in which the captain's character was "grossly misrepresented." A note of sadness is struck when the author relates the incident which eventually gave him a distaste for the goldfields, viz., the death, by accident, of his chum, just as the latter was about to return to his wife and family with a hard-won fortune. The book is not only one of the most vivid and interesting pictures of life in Australia during the gold-rush, which have appeared, but, even if judged solely as a work of adventure, is as thrilling as could be desired. Certainly, we have to thank Mr. Craig for a volume in which there is not a dull page. T. A. J.

Books to Expect Shortly

The unfortunate Carlyle controversy threatens to break out afresh during the spring, when Mr. Lane will issue a collection of hitherto unpublished letters of Thomas Carlyle, in two illustrated volumes. These have been edited and annotated by Mr. Alexander Carlyle, who collaborated, with Sir James Crichton-Brown, in the publication of the much discussed "New Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle." Perhaps the most satisfactory result of this bitter and unnecessary dispute has been seen in the marked increase in the number of visitors to Carlyle's famous home in Chelsea. It is said that many more pilgrims passed through the house last year than in any year since it was thrown open to the public in 1895. A large percentage of these pilgrims, by the way, is always American.

A controversy of another kind, but very much to the front just now, is dealt with in the book on "The Doctrine of the Incarnation and the Virgin Birth," by Dr. MacColl, Canon of Ripon. The Canon maintains that the denial of the Virgin Birth practically involves a denial of the miraculous element in Christianity altogether. He proceeds, accordingly, to examine the principal objections to the doctrine of miracles in regard to physical science and historical evidence. His book, which is to come from Mr. Murray, will be eagerly read in religious circles at the present time.

One of the books held over from the autumn lists was "The House of Quiet," an anonymous work which has a pathetic interest attaching to it. The writer, we are told, was a Government official, forced by ill-health to live in retirement in the country, and his aim was to present the possibilities of dignity which exist in the simplest and least ambitious life. He was true to this philosophy to the end, which came abruptly and as an interruption to a happy opening love. The last few paragraphs of his book were dictated on his deathbed, and extracts from his private diaries have been included. The book, which will be published this spring by Mr. Murray—from whose house, it will be remembered, also came the anonymous "Englishwomen's Love Letters"—has been edited by the author's friend and cousin, "J. T." Throughout the volume the identity of the writer has been carefully concealed.

A new Australian writer, Mrs. L. Palmer Archer, who comes under the literary auspices of "Rolf Boldrewood," is shortly to be introduced to English readers by Mr. Fisher Unwin, by means of a novel entitled "A Bush Honeymoon, and other Australian Stories." "No woman," writes "Rolf Boldrewood," "who has written about the Australian bush, with the exception of Mrs. Campbell Praed, has half the knowledge of the far-back wilds, the inmost deserts, the 'never-never' country, which Mrs. Archer has displayed in these sketches."

Mrs. Campbell Praed, who is mentioned in this connection, also has a new book coming out this spring, though, instead of her native Australia, the scene is laid in Rome, in the first century A.D., and many historical figures are introduced among the characters. It is a long story, full of dramatic situations, and is entitled "Nyria."

BOOKS RECEIVED

From Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.

"Slipper's A B C of Hunting." By Miss C. E. Somerville. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.
"Snipe and Woodcock," (Fur, Fin, and Feather Series). 5*s.*
"Christian Thal." By M. E. Francis. 6*s.*
"Long Will." By "Converse." 6*s.*
"Climbs and Explorations in the Canadian Rockies." Stutfield and Collie. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.
"A River of Norway." By C. Thomas Stanford. 9*s.* net.
"Marriage and Marriages." By E. C. Harvey-Brooks. 4*s.* net.

From Messrs. Dean and Son.

Debrett's Peerage, 1904.

From the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.

"Constable." Makers of British Art Series.)

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

In Grub Street

The death of Mr. George Gissing has touched the heart of every author. For there was, in his long and sordid struggle for success, a rude reminder that, in this golden age of authorship—I speak from the purely commercial point of view—the old trials and bitterness of the literary life, as exemplified in the careers of Goldsmith, Johnson, and many of the giants, are still to be encountered. There is still a Grub Street, and they are not all dolts who live and strive therein. Gissing wrote out of his own bitter knowledge in "New Grub Street," and, although it may be true that "Henry Ryecroft" is less autobiographical than some of his other novels, I am persuaded that, in all the essentials of that remarkable tale of the sordid side, the author was drawing on his own experiences. This, for instance, bears the impress of truth:

> I see that alley hidden on the west side of Tottenham Court Road where, after living in a back bedroom on the top floor, I had to exchange for the front cellar. There was a difference, if I remember rightly, of sixpence a week, and sixpence in those days was a very great consideration—why, it meant a couple of meals! (I once *found* sixpence in the street, and had an exultation which is vivid to me at this moment.) The front cellar was stone floored; its furniture was a table, a chair, a washstand, and a bed. Here I lived; here I *wrote*. Yes, "literary work" was done at that filthy deal table, on which, by-the-bye, lay my Homer, my Shakespeare, and a few other books I then possessed.

Mr. Gissing had been writing for seven years before he produced "New Grub Street"; no less than seven novels already stood to his credit; yet he was practically penniless and starving when he managed to sell the copyright of that book for £150. A well-known editor, whom I met in Fleet-street the day after the novelist's death with the manuscript of Mr. Gissing's last novel in his hand, told me that one of Gissing's early works had been sold for £20, which included both serial and book copyrights. He assured me that that sum is a common price to be paid to unknown novelists. Personally, I do not think so; but it is more than a good many novels that are published are worth.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

My same informant said that even Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had parted with the copyright of one of his earliest books for a like sum. It is a heavy tax on one's credulity to believe that an author who can, to-day, get more than five times £20 for every thousand words he writes could have written for so little sixteen years ago. Yet such are the facts, and they illustrate the lucky-bag side of literary success as well as any, for the new series of "Sherlock Holmes," now running in the *Strand* is no better—indeed, not so good an example of literary craftsmanship, as the book its author sold for the Grub-street price mentioned. Sir Arthur is certainly one of the most fortunate novelists of our time, and although he has written quite a number of books which have been only qualified successes, if not altogether failures, he struck a rich vein when he invented the world-famous detective, or rather adopted Edgar Allen Poe's conception of a tale of mystery. I do not suppose there has ever been any character of fiction which so speedily or so permanently caught the public fancy as this Sherlock Holmes. Although Sir Arthur is one of our least prolific writers—he has seldom, during seventeen years, published more than one book in twelve months, and never more than two—he has been known to be gravelled for a new plot, and it will be remembered that "The Hound of the Baskervilles," which appeared in 1902, was suggested to him by a young journalist who had the good fortune to be made a sharer in the author's royalties. Surely this was a unique instance of a successful novelist availing himself of a less popular literary man—and paying him handsomely! But it is in keeping with the fine, manly character of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is, personally, as popular in the world of letters as his writings are with the general public.

"Romance of the World's Life"

Really, Mr. Stead, your ideas are too colossal for men of ordinary skull measurement! "The Romance of the World's Life" is one of the many staggering features of the *Daily Paper*. So far as I can judge, it is to take the place of "To be continued in our next," which has been the only dull feature in the *Review of Reviews* of late. The story of the world from day to day is to be told by "journalist-novelists" in the form of an endless fiction. Mr. Stead appears to have discussed the project with Sir Conan Doyle, Mr. George Meredith, and other distinguished novelists, who were "more or less appalled by the practical difficulties of its execution. I should think so. Even if it were a plausible idea, it would not be popular; the public does not want a hash of news turned into a romance. Meanwhile, *The Daily Paper* will reprint Dumas's "Black Tulip," while the editor is engaged in finding, or growing, the "journalist-novelists," fitted for the mighty task of turning telegrams into romance! Otherwise, Mr. Stead's new paper is eminently sane and bright, but there is a "neither-fish-flesh-nor-fowl" element about it which makes me doubt its future.

Celebrities and Autographs

The Corelli farthing was a very amusing incident. The bright little lady who now dwells in the odour of Shakespeare was too wideawake to be caught giving her autograph in receipt of "one farthing damages." Two sparrows may be sold for a farthing, but the signature of Marie Corelli is worth a trifle more. Mr. Kipling's is good for half-a-guinea I'm told. At least that was the price stated by the literary friend who gave me this story the other day. When Kipling lived at Brighton, his house was an object of interest to visitors, and there grew a fine tree in his garden, with branches hanging over the wall. A certain hotel keeper had a *char-à-banc*, in which visitors were driven around the sights of the town, and it was the custom of the driver, as he passed the house of the distinguished author, to flick this tree with his whip, when directing the attention of his fares to the place. Kipling, at length, resented this treatment of his tree by writing a letter of complaint to the hotel-keeper. As he received no answer, he wrote again, and a third time. Still no reply. Enraged, he waited upon the hotel-keeper in person, and was quietly informed that the letters had not been replied to, as the recipient was anxious not to stop them, for he had sold the three at half-a-guinea a piece.

"Crowned" by the Academy

The announcement of the first award of the Goncourt Academy is interesting, and now that this private rival to the Academy of France has got to work after many years, it will be curious to compare the books signalled out by its members for distinction with those chosen by *the* Academy. I read some time ago, in his preface to that charming book "En Provence," by M. René Bazin, a story which shows how sincere is the desire among eminent French writers to encourage the younger and lesser-known where they deem them worthy. M. Bazin, one of the finest of French authors, recalling our own Dr. George Macdonald in matter and manner, was asked by the editor of the *Journal des Débats* in 1886 to supply a novel for that great journal. He had only written one romance at the time, and not a very successful one. He was a provincial, and practically unknown. It was as though the *Times* were to invite an obscure writer in Dumfries to contribute to its columns. So M. Bazin hurried to Paris to discover how the great editor had come to hear of him. "Go to ask M. Ludovic Halévy of the Academy," was the gist of his reply. M. Bazin went, and heard from the celebrated dramatist and author that he had read his novel, "My Aunt Giron," and had tried to get the Academy to award the prize to it. But it was the first book he had defended in that august assembly, and he thought he did not plead for it well enough, so that he considered he was to blame for its not getting the prize. To make up for his failure, he took the book—whose author was totally unknown to him—to the editor of the *Débats*, and urged him to get a story by this M. Bazin. Thus began the brilliant career of the author of that wonderful novel, "The Dying Soil." This is as pretty a story of literary friendship as I know.

Photo by *Russell*

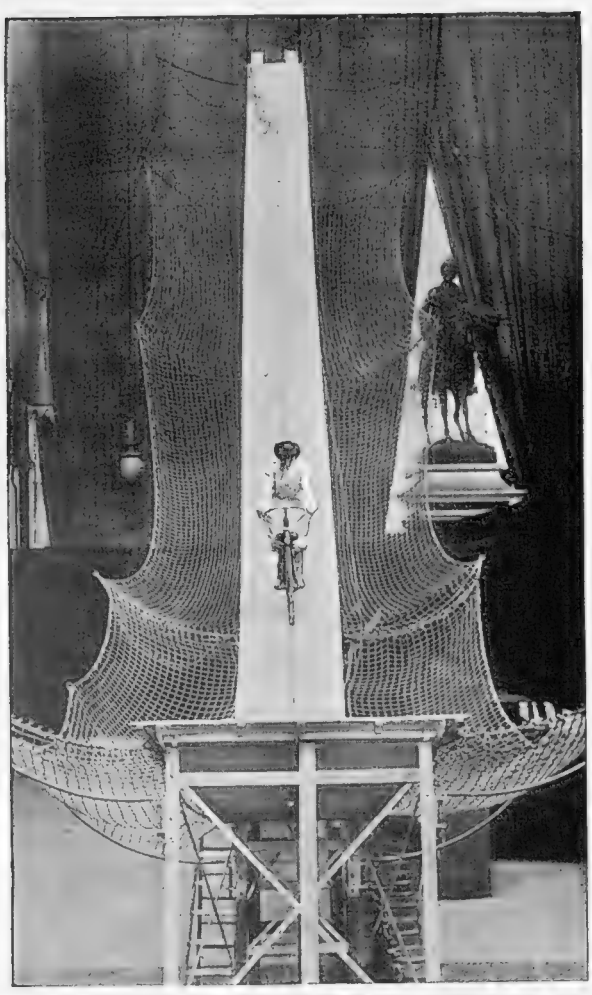
Madame Sarah Grand

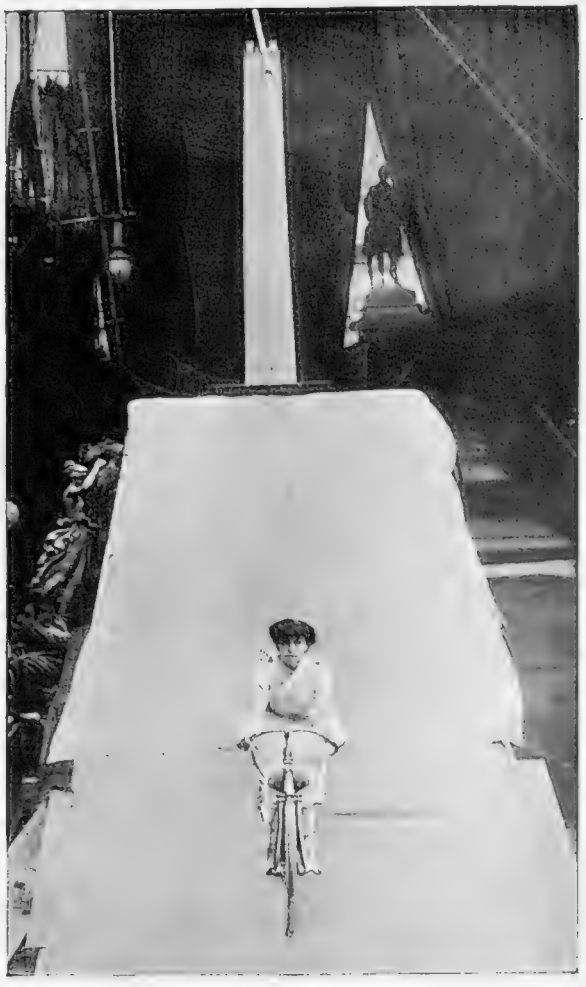
Madame Sarah Grand

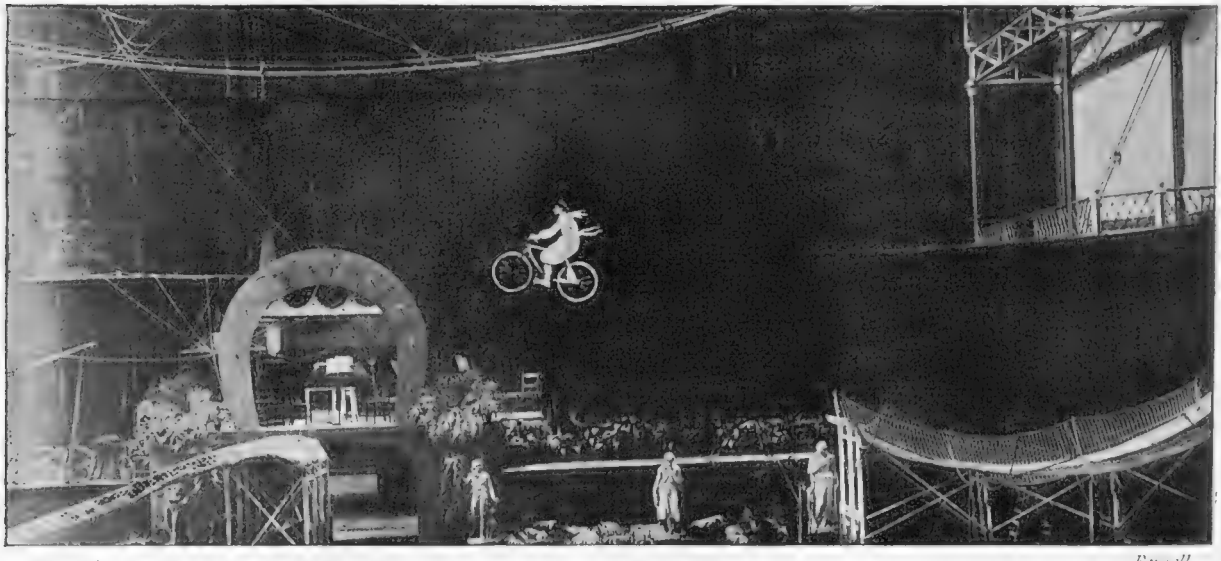
I note that Mrs Katherine Cecil Thurston, who made a very distinct success with her novel, "The Circle," last year, is writing the new serial, "John Chilcote, M.P.," in *Blackwood's*. Mrs. Thurston, whose literary gifts were first recognised, if I am not mistaken, by that shrewd judge of good work, Mr. G. R. Halkett, editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, was the most notable of the new women writers who came to the front last year. Generically, the "lady novelist" has not occupied so prominent a position of late as she did a few years ago. Even Madame Sarah Grand has been but little in evidence, either as a writer or a lecturer. Madame Grand, like Mrs. Thurston, has also been a contributor to *Maga*, for it was *Blackwood's* that accepted one of her earliest stories, "Singularly Deluded." That story, and many others, had long and tiresome journeyings 'twixt author and editors before some of the latter took a fancy to them. Even so excellent a novel as 'Ideala" Madame Sarah Grand had to publish at her own expense; and "The Heavenly Twins" was three years going the rounds of the publishers before one was found daring enough to risk his money on issuing the book. Madame Grand is a charming speaker, but I fear that she is guilty of the very mistake she charges men with—she is apt to criticise mankind by one man's conduct, while she protests that we judge all women by one woman.

J. A. H.

THE LATEST "SENSATION" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE







Photos by Russell

"FLYING THE FLUME"

At the Crystal Palace may be seen the thrilling spectacle of a lady cyclist flying through space. The heroine of this sensational feat is Mlle. Dutrieu. The cycle track on which she rides runs from a height of seventy feet down a long inclined plane. A short upward curve is then taken at lightning speed, after which the daring performer leaps into mid-air, rejoining the track forty-two feet from the "take-off." The whole feat occupies only five seconds, but it is sufficiently exciting while it lasts.

OUR SHORT STORY

A MATCHMAKER'S OPPORTUNITY

By MAUD H. YARDLEY

I.

Mrs. Wentworth Bailey put her toes upon the fender-bar, surveyed the shining patent leather, and smiled the smile of the well content.

It was her inward boast that she allowed nothing and nobody to come between her and her pet wishes; and up to now she had little reason to consider that inward boast a vain one. She was the mother of five beautiful daughters, and her object had been, as each left the schoolroom, to marry her to the very highest bidder. As it happened, four of these lovely maidens were reproductions of their mother; self came ever first, money was their god, and to make a "good match" had been the daily lesson Mrs. Wentworth Bailey had taught so long and so earnestly, and to do otherwise would have appeared in those four beautiful pairs of brown eyes a positive crime.

Maude was the Countess D——; Daphne was the Hon. Mrs. L——; Marion was Lady G——; and Beatrice was plain Mrs. H——, and richer than her three sisters put together.

And now there was but Helen left—"Nell," as she insisted upon being called. She was different from all the rest, half shy, wholly sweet; half timid, wholly lovable; frank, free, openhearted, independent, and utterly fearless. She had been destined for a lord, and when she was informed of the fact, had stamped her little square-toed boot as hard as she could upon the velvet pile of the boudoir carpet, and had uttered a series of "shan'ts" and "won'ts" that took her mother's breath away.

That was a week ago, and Mrs. Wentworth Bailey, who was a great believer in time, was now awaiting her youngest daughter's arrival in that selfsame boudoir, the carpet of which had been stamped upon by an irate young lady seven brief days ago.

The door opened now with a swing which hit it against the edge of the cabinet—nobody but Nell opened doors like that!

Mrs. Wentworth Bailey frowned.

"I trust," she said, "I find you in a more reasonable frame of mind, Helen?" and looked up at a tall, slim girl, barely eighteen, who stood behind an opposite chair with set lips, drawn, straight brows, and a light in the violet loveliness of her eyes that might have been a veritable danger-signal.

"If by 'reasonable,' you mean willing to marry Lord Sellingham, false teeth, wig, padding, seventy-two years and all, then you don't, mother, and never will!"

"Helen, you are an alien!"

"And proud of it! Rather than follow the example my sisters have set me, upheld by you, I would be a corpse!"

"Helen, you are insulting!"

"I am truthful—the truth on such a subject should be a reproach, mother, rather than an insult."

"Will you, or will you not, come to your senses?" Mrs. Wentworth Bailey demanded. She was good in wordy warfare. "Lord Sellingham waits his answer."

"Then pray give it to him. *No*, ten thousand times *No!*"

Helen's mother drew a long breath. It was not a sigh; in a man it would have covered a gigantic swear word.

"You know the alternative, Helen. If you do not consent to the admirable arrangements I have made——"

The girl raised one little hand.

"I know, mother. If I do not marry a fossil of your choice, I am to be banished to Luath. I would far rather. Grandmother, at least, is unworldly, even if she is ill-tempered and deaf!"

"I said you were an alien!" declared Mrs. Wentworth Bailey, with as near an approach at violence as was compatible with good breeding. "You are your father's own child—blue, defiant eyes and all! Perhaps his mother will prove a more congenial companion than your own!"

The girl bit her lip. Hot tears rose to those eyes, the colour of which was so evidently despised; a choking sob to the firm, white throat. She had never known love, save that given her by her dear old governess. Her sisters were cold, haughty women, like her mother, and she was years younger than the youngest of them—as if she had been a kind of afterthought. A grim picture presented itself before her mind's eye: the grey towers of Luath Castle, the deaf old woman, her grandmother, who rose at twelve, and went to bed at seven; the stretch of dreary moorland, and the utter absence of life. It would be very horrible: but not nearly so horrible as existence at the side of the man her mother had chosen for her husband.

A shudder passed over her delicate frame.

"Mother," she breathed pleadingly, "have you no pity—no feeling? Think—only think—when you were my age—ah, remember——"

"When I was your age," interrupted the elder woman, "girls were obedient. They abode by the decision of their parents. Your sisters, every one of them, pleased me, and look at their positions now! You—you alone disobey, defy me! Be it so! I cannot drag you to the altar; but I can at least refuse to tow you about season after season. Luath it shall be till you come to your senses. Now go."

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II.

And Luath it seemed likely to be.

Such a day—such an evening! Six dreary hours in a railway carriage, alone with one lady, who objected to either windows being opened an inch. Did ever wind howl so dismally? Did ever snow fall so pitilessly? Did ever hours seem so long?

The little brown-haired, blue-eyed exile beat her cold toes against the foot-warmer with intent to annoy her unknown companion, who frowned; she tried to read books—upside down—and blessed the invention of electric light. She fidgeted through the last hour of the journey, till the old lady was exasperated; and then, before the train had fairly stopped, sprang out on to the platform. Her maid had been sent on the day before with the luggage; there was nothing for Miss Wentworth Bailey to do but hasten into the waiting brougham.

There was only one at the station, and even in the driving snow and the dim lights, Helen thought it looked rather smarter than the usual Castle traps. But she was cold, and hungry, and tired; and she just nodded to the footman, threw herself into the softly-padded interior, and was driven away.

Added to its many other attractions, Luath Castle was six miles distant from the station; and by the time the coachman drew rein, Helen was half asleep. She knew the old *régime* too well to pay much attention; there was no novelty about visiting Luath—a dim hall, an antediluvian housekeeper, a chill library, and then her bedroom, no matter at what hour she arrived.

The hall was not dim to-night, though, and coming, as she did, out of the darkness, she was momentarily blinded; not too much so, however, to notice that her grandmother's latest addition to the Castle inmates was a very smart-looking page.

"This way, if you please, madam," he said, rapidly ushering her into a very cosy room on the right. "Sir David is expecting you."

Then she was deserted, and the gentleman, who evidently rejoiced in the name of David, came leisurely out of the depths of an armchair.

"How do you do, Miss Smith—I'm awfully sorry, but my sister and her little girls have not arrived—snowbound, I fear! However, if——Good Heavens!" as Helen came into the firelight. "There is surely some mistake, some——"

"It is, indeed!" returned the girl, who had been too amazed to speak before. "My name is Wentworth Bailey. I—I—oh, cannot you tell me where I am?"

"This is Glennock, and my home! Please don't be distressed! Perhaps you——"

"I ought to be at Luath Castle. I came in the Castle brougham—I——"

"But this is Glennock, two stations before Luath, and thirty miles, at least, by road."

"Then I got out at the wrong station!" cried Miss Wentworth Bailey, the truth dawning upon her at last. "It was all that horrid old maid's fault—I was in such a hurry, and the journey was so long, and—oh, how soon can I get back?"

The master of Glennock looked distressed now.

"I will see what can be done," he said presently. "Meanwhile, pray be seated. Let me send you some tea—coffee—wine—?" But she only shook her head.

"Lend me a carriage, and your two best horses. That is all I want!" she declared.

But when her host returned, there was a mixture of gravity and amusement upon his good-looking face that struck terror to her heart.

"You mean I can't go!" she gasped.

"I fear so. The roads are absolutely impassable. The men say they were twice the usual time bringing you here. Let me explain. I was expecting my sister's governess—she is a venerable old lady who wears gold-rimmed glasses and has grey hair; that will account to you for my surprise when you entered just now. Neither my sister nor Miss Smith can get here, that is plain; and you cannot get away! Won't you make the best of it, Miss Bailey, and let me add my efforts to those of my housekeeper, to make your enforced visit a pleasant one?"

"You are good, and I," she said tremulously, "must seem very stupid!"

"Besides, we are not quite strangers," he added gaily, ignoring her remark, "for I know your sister, Lady G——, and also Mrs. H——!"

"Do you—do you really? And mother?"

"No—not mother! Parker," as a pleasant-faced, elderly woman entered, "this is Miss Wentworth Bailey. She has come here by mistake, and will remain till the storm is over. I leave her in your hands. There is nearly half an hour before dinner," he said, turning to Helen. "*Au revoir*!"

When Sir David Glennock stood before his dressing-room glass, ten minutes later, he stopped suddenly in the act of brushing his hair, to address his reflection.

"This is an adventure for that poor child! She looked positively frightened. Won't Mab be amused!" Mab was his sister. "By Jove! what eyes! Poor little thing!"

And then the brushes went vigorously to work again.

When Miss Wentworth Bailey arrived later, her host stifled a murmur of admiration. Her beautifully fitting cloth gown had been brushed and put on afresh; a piece of rare old lace which Parker had produced from somewhere, fell softly round her neck and over the bosom of her gown; her hair, piled high on her head, shone dusky red in the firelight; and, if there was a little shyness in her manner, there was no trace of awkwardness. The shyness wore off, for Glennock was a delightful companion and an amusing one also.

They dined together in the loveliest of old dining-rooms, lit only by candles; afterwards he took her through the picture galleries and those rooms which had been his mother's, but which were never now used. On the morrow he promised that, if the snow allowed, she should visit the stables and rob the conservatories; and then they had their coffee in the library, because he declared it was the cosiest room in the house.

It was some little while later that the striking of a large clock roused Miss Helen.

"What time is that?"

"Ten, I think," Glennock answered unblushingly, and not looking at her.

"No, it is more! Let me see your watch—myself. A quarter past eleven!" (shocked). "And you never

told me! Good night. It has been a charming evening;" and before he could barely take her hand, or make any reply, she was gone.

Upstairs Parker awaited her.

"In the absence of your maid, I stayed to help you, miss," she announced quietly. "And I also made so bold as to have a bed made up for myself in the dressing-room adjoining, pointing through a half-open door. "The storm is so bad, and the noises so weird sometimes in this wing, that I thought, being strange, they might make you nervous."

Mrs. Parker was full of tact and good sense, and Helen was innocently delighted at the arrangements she had made.

Breakfast was scarcely over next morning when a messenger arrived to see Sir David, who, after a brief interview with him, returned to his guest, looking a trifle dubious.

"They have sent from the station," he explained. "No trains are running from the local stations, and, if they were, it would be impossible to pass the roads. The snow is mounting higher every moment. I don't believe there has been such a storm for fifty years. Mabel, my sister, contrived to wire to the station-master: she has put off even an attempt to come home for a week. I'm awfully sorry, Miss Bailey; I hoped at least she would arrive, somehow."

There was such genuine distress in his kind voice, such a keen touch of appeal, that the girl instinctively made light of the affair.

"A week? Well, it's not very long, after all. In a day or two I may get to Luath?" questioningly.

"I won't deceive you. As far as appearances now go, it may be a month. Will not your mother—your grandmother—be worried?"

"Mother never worries," returned Helen, and those brief words told more than she had intended. "And grandmother would forget."

There was a little desolate sound in her voice, of which she was quite unconscious; but which went, in some odd, inexplicable way to Glennock's heart. He had not known her many hours, and already he was grateful to the storm which kept her prisoner beneath his roof, already he was conscious that he should be horribly dull when she had gone. Perhaps there was faint question in his raised eyebrows; at any rate, she answered as if there were.

"I am to be a prisoner at Luath—possibly for ever! Any criminal snatches at a chance of reprieve. It is a very pleasant respite—to be here," she said simply.

He bowed in acknowledgment of a speech which pleased him, and took one of her little restless hands in his.

"I may be wrong," he said, "but I think—I have thought ever since I saw you first—that you are not happy. Can you tell me why?"

The sympathy his tones expressed was very sweet, very comforting. It was the first, too, ever offered to her, and there was something about this kindest, manliest of men before her which gave her confidence, a sense of safety, of certain protection. So she curled her fingers more comfortably in his clasp, and with the innocent abandonment of a child, leant her pretty head against the tweed-coloured arm nearest it.

"Mother has married all her children after her own heart," she announced briefly. "My sisters have made, as perhaps you are aware, brilliant matches. I alone am left to disappoint mother."

"You—you—forgive me!—are a mere child!"

The mere child shrugged her shoulders. To her credit, be it said, she was totally unaware that Sir David Glennock's heart beat a trifle faster.

"Perhaps—but not too childish to be forced into marriage with Lord Sellingham——"

Miss Wentworth Bailey found herself leaning against the window-frame, deprived of the support of the tweed-covered arm, her fingers released.

"Sellingham!" cried Glennock, with disgust. "*Sellingham!* Why, he's a hundred, and an old——"

"He's seventy-two. Mother said that, in the course of Nature, he wouldn't be likely to live more than ten years, and that she did not think he was good for two!"

Glennock ground his teeth.

"You will not do it! You will not let them persuade you? Good God! Is there a woman alive who would force her child into such a marriage——"

"Oh, yes—there is mother! No, I shan't marry him. I have said it. I will live and die at Luath first."

"Of course you would not! I wronged you for a moment; I fancied you might give in!"

He took both her hands now; the tweed arm was put lightly round her shoulders—just so might a sympathetic brother have held her, only she was not his sister. That made the difference, and, perhaps, accounted for the paling of his face and the setting of his teeth.

"If they are bad to you, you shall come here—when Mabel comes back——" he began incoherently, and was cut short by the violent opening of the door.

A big, raw-boned girl, with rosy cheeks, thick boots, and a tam-o'-shanter, entered, followed by several very snowy, dirty dogs. In a glance one could see that she had "taken in the situation," and mentally enlarged it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Of course, if I'd known you weren't *alone*!"

The emphasis was exasperating.

"Miss Wentworth Bailey," he said, as easily as he could. "Miss Danvers."

The women bowed slightly, and the new arrival continued:

"I hear Mab can't come. Never such weather known! Absolutely up to my neck just getting across the road. Came to offer to land here in a body, and keep you company! See I'm forestalled. Know your mother intimately, Miss Bailey—suppose you're Helen—heard of you, of course! Charmed to meet you! Whose party are you with?"

Nell's cheeks grew like crimson roses; and Glennock plunged to the rescue. His explanation was graceful and decided; but Miss Danvers's eyes betrayed faint incredulity, and the lines about her mouth infuriating amusement. She beat a hasty retreat too, which was maddening to Glennock, and murmured something indistinct about an awkward moment, and awfully sorry she came.

"What did she mean?" demanded Helen, when she had gone.

"Mean? Oh, nothing! She never does mean

much. She—her people—are near neighbours. Miss Danvers," irritably, "is not only that most detestable of all things—a 'manly' woman, but one who possesses a positive talent for turning up when she is least wanted! There is no other feminine creature, of my acquaintance, who *could* have travelled half-a-mile in a storm like this! Please forget her, Miss Bailey! You have not seen the horses yet."

And Miss Danvers was saying to herself—

"Helen Wentworth Bailey! She's the little cat who has given her mother no end of trouble about Sellingham. Of course, she's a baby, and no one in her senses ever doubted Glennock in this world; but if Mrs. W. B. don't make some good use of the information I can give her, she's not the woman *I* know her to be!"

III

Four days passed—the very shortest, fleetest days Glennock had ever known—or Miss Wentworth Bailey, for that matter! It was wonderful how quickly they went by, how rapidly the delightful *tête-à-tête* meals came round. Nell felt that she was always eating, or pretending to eat. Glennock felt that he would hate the table when he could not see her face through a little forest of hothouse flowers; that the life he had hitherto led in his old home, with Mabel occasionally for company, and her romping children to fill the place with laughter, would fall "flat, stale, unprofitable."

Other thoughts came to him—tenderer, sweeter than he had ever known; and he called himself an idiot every night on going to bed, and every morning on rising.

Then, there came the horrible realisation that, with a thaw, Nell would vanish like the kindly snows, that she would be shut up at Luath, and, who could tell, with such a mother, possibly forced into marriage with that old wretch, Lord Sellingham. Glennock went hot and cold at the bare idea.

On the fourth night Nell rose from the little card-table rather earlier than usual.

"Parker says Johnson is certain there will be a thaw to-night," she observed, leaning against a big chair, and watching him while he lit her candle very slowly. "In that case, I shall be able to go to-morrow—I—you, have been very kind! I suppose you never were shut up in the house for four whole days, with only a mere girl for company, before? You have been awfully patient——"

Glennock knocked over the candle, spilled some grease, and muttered an unintelligible word.

"I can't thank you enough," the girl pursued, holding out both little hands frankly. He kept silence, because there was nothing else to do—safely. She was beneath his roof, practically alone with him in this great house; she was a mere innocent child, but, withal, a maddeningly lovely woman; she had become his guest in the oddest, most unheard of, way, and in every word and gesture she betrayed her utter confidence in him. He had grown to know her better in these few short days than if they had met all through two seasons. Call it madness, if you will, but he had learned to care for her in this brief space as he had never cared for one out of the hundreds of lovely women he had met, and with whom he had so often played at love.

How could he answer her now, when the words that were clamouring for utterance were fond, foolish ones, so old, yet so new—that in the circumstances he could not, would not, speak?

"Please don't," he said at last unsteadily. "Yes, I think you are right—the storm has broken. Good night."

She went to the door, and because there was some difference in his voice, looked back. She was a woman, and so could not let well alone. She went back.

"You are unhappy about something? It isn't I?"

He set his teeth.

"No, it isn't you. Nell, for God's sake, go away! Go now—darling!"

The last word was below even a whisper; and Miss Wentworth Bailey went.

Johnson's prediction came true. Next morning, the sun shone upon the dripping trees and muddy roads, upon great slabs of melting snow, falling off everything upon which it had lain so thickly. It shone also upon Miss Helen and her host, who were waiting for the dog-cart.

As that vehicle came round to the door, a telegram was handed to the lady. She opened it with a wondering, "For me?"

"Amazed at your behaviour. Since you have chosen your way, neither Luath nor my home is any longer yours.

MARY WENTWORTH BAILEY."

"What does it mean?" Nell asked, whitening perceptibly; and Glennock only answered,

"Come in here," leading her back to the library.

"Is mother mad? Does it mean I can neither go to Luath nor home? Why? Where, then, am I to go?" She poured out the questions with agitation.

"Your mother isn't mad by a good deal," he replied, nearly as white as herself, but thoroughly angry. "Nell," suddenly, "she says you can't go home—it's no punishment not to go to Luath; but for this," tapping the telegram, "I swear wild horses would not have made me speak yet! Nell, will you stay here? Not for four days, nor four weeks, nor four months, but for always! Always with me—always with me to take care of you! Nell," abandoning her little hands for the sweeter possession of her whole trembling body, "only say 'yes'—only promise to remain here as my wife, and I—I will teach you how sweet a thing is love! Only say 'yes'—we can talk about everything else later!"

But Nell turned, and hid her face against his arm with a low sob.

"Tell Johnson to take the dog-cart back, and bring it again at four," ordered Glennock, not attempting to release her, and addressing the page, who was fidgeting outside, over her shoulder.

. . . . .

Two days later Mrs. Wentworth Bailey received a laconic wire—the only answer she ever had to her own:—

"Your daughter and I were married this morning.

GLENNOCK."

SACRED MOSCOW

Which, in the event of War with Japan, will, owing to its commercial interests, suffer more than any other Russian city

A View of the Kremlin, the "Sacred City within a City."

One does not need to wonder of what Moscow is thinking! Will there be war or will there not? As the second capital of the Russian Empire, and its chief industrial centre, any set-back to the Russian arms would be very quickly reflected in its markets. The fact that no less than one-seventh of all the goods

The Kremlin from the other side of the River Moskva.

A Cannon—Cast in 1586, and weighing 40 Tons—it is called "The King of Cannons."

St. Basil—One of Moscow's most Famous Churches

It is grotesquely irregular in design, having 11 domes, each different in colour and form

shipped by the railways of European Russia is loaded or unloaded within its walls, makes this abundantly clear.

What a weird place Moscow is to the Westerner; it is East and West in one! Perhaps its most noticeable point is the irregular distribution of poverty and wealth. Hovel and palace, cottage and mansion, jostle each other at every turn. In no city in the world is there so marked an absence of any great division such as, in London, East and West. Your neighbour on the one side may be a labourer, on the other a prince. So that, in a double sense, it is the meeting-place of East and West.

It is remarkable, too, to see the most reckless drivers in Europe driving at breakneck speed over the slippery cobbles. The reins are held wide apart, one in each hand, and the whip is seldom, or never, used. As regards the rule of the road, might is right, and if you are a mere commoner in a droshky, you must make way for the baron in his brougham. And that quickly! Only reasonable, this, after all, since, for a paltry 60 kopeks—1*s.* 3*d.*—you may be master of a droshky for the space of one hour.

You can never Enter Moscow streets without Encountering soldiery

But perhaps the most marked characteristic of all is the prominence given to the outward forms of religion. Travel on a tram for only ten minutes, and you will see twenty of your fellow-passengers, one by one, reverentially doff their caps to various *ikons* or churches *en route*. Every man does not acknowledge the same *ikon*; on the contrary, each man seems to have his own.

The great show place of Moscow is, of course, the Kremlin—the old, sacred city. It contains a multitude of churches, with domes of every conceivable colour and design. The sight from the top of the Ivan Veliki Tower, when the sun is shining, is one not easily forgotten. Domes of regal purple and shining gold, of green, of scarlet, and of the purest white, catch the rays and flash them from one to another in a never-ending kaleidoscope. To see the sun creep from behind a cloud and strike the dull domes, turning the whole to living glory, is to see what probably no other city, except Constantinople, can produce.

A View of Moscow from the Kremlin

For this reason Moscow should be visited in summer; in winter it is apt to be disappointing, and, in any case, St. Petersburg, at the latter season, is far more characteristically Russian.

The Embankment at Moscow

"Contrasts"

Drawn by R. Le Quesne

Studies in Heads

Drawn by R. Le Quesne

"THE GREAT BRITAIN OF THE FAR EAST"

Scenes on a Japanese Man-of-War

Japan is very much in the public eye these days. The war cloud in the Far East, which, so long as it preserved its apocryphal and rather indefinite proportion to the size of a "man's hand," was a topic confined to the experts, has now become a matter for serious and wondering consideration by the unin ormed.

The question now is, What is their position? During the trouble in China, in 1901, the Japanese troops provided astonishment for all military experts by their soldierly bearing. Their Navy is even more perfect; a fine fighting machine, mobile, well-equipped, well-manned, able and eager to go anywhere (on water) and do anything.

It is, unfortunately, most probable that their qualities will be quickly put to the test. Perhaps, even, as these lines are read, the two nations have drifted, from the verge, into actual hostilities.

Japanese war feeling has run very high, encouraged, to a great extent, by the knowledge of the poor figure the Russians cut as allies in the relief of the Legations, already alluded to, and also to a feeling that their Navy is poorly served and badly trained.

From the accompanying illustrations it is seen that life on board a battleship is pretty much the same whether she sails under the British or the Japanese flag. The man behind the gun, whatever be his nationality, has the same free and easy deportment, whether at work or play.

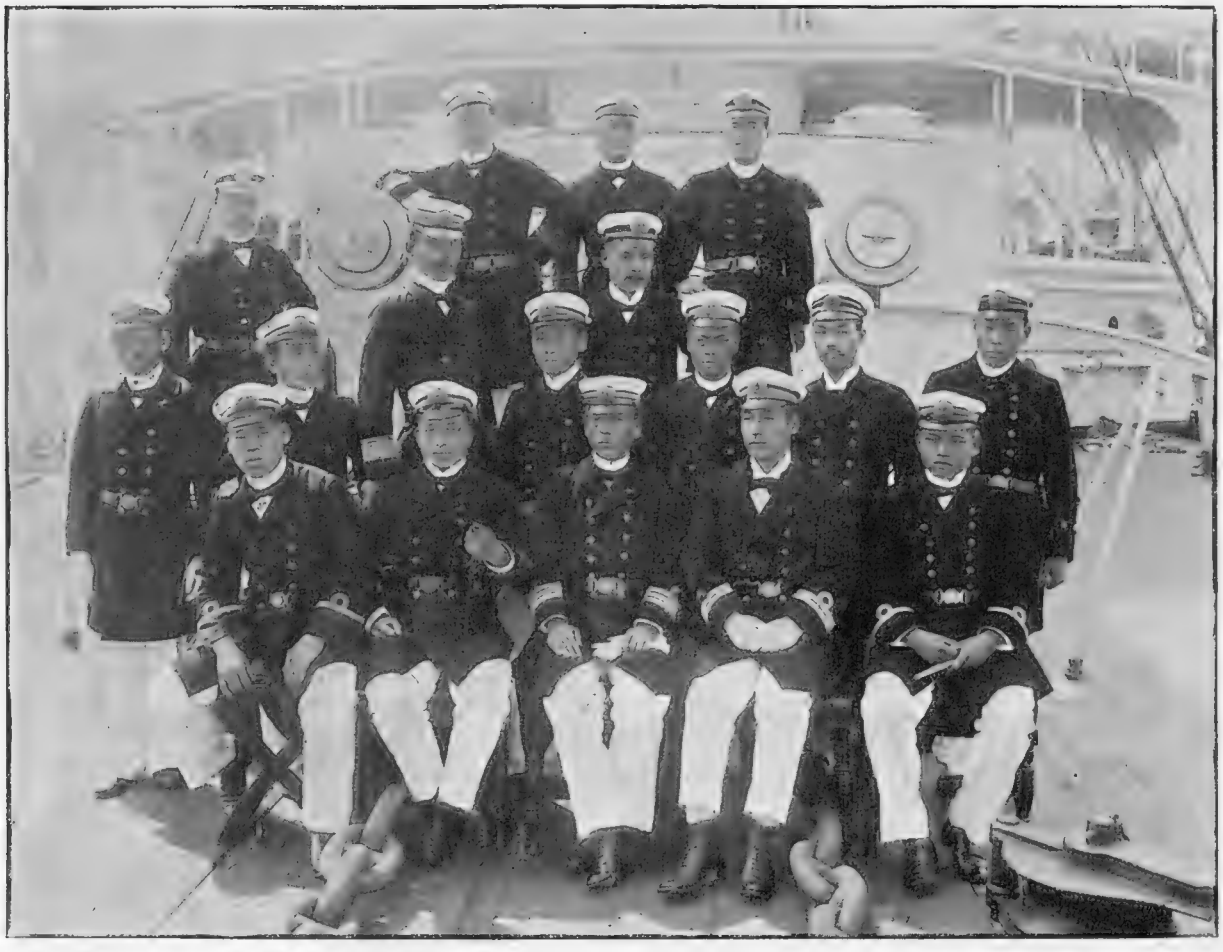
It may be that the war cloud in the East is responsible for that fixed, alert, and business-like expression on the faces of Japan's Jack tars. But, to be serious, it is extraordinary how, in the case of Japan, East has met West. There are differences between our Jack tars and Japan's, but only in degree. If they prefer wrestling to boxing, who is to say that the one is not quite as sporting as the other? We wish our comrades "good luck," for "Fortune is to the brave," and brave these sturdy little Allies undoubtedly are.

Crew of a Japanese Man-of-War

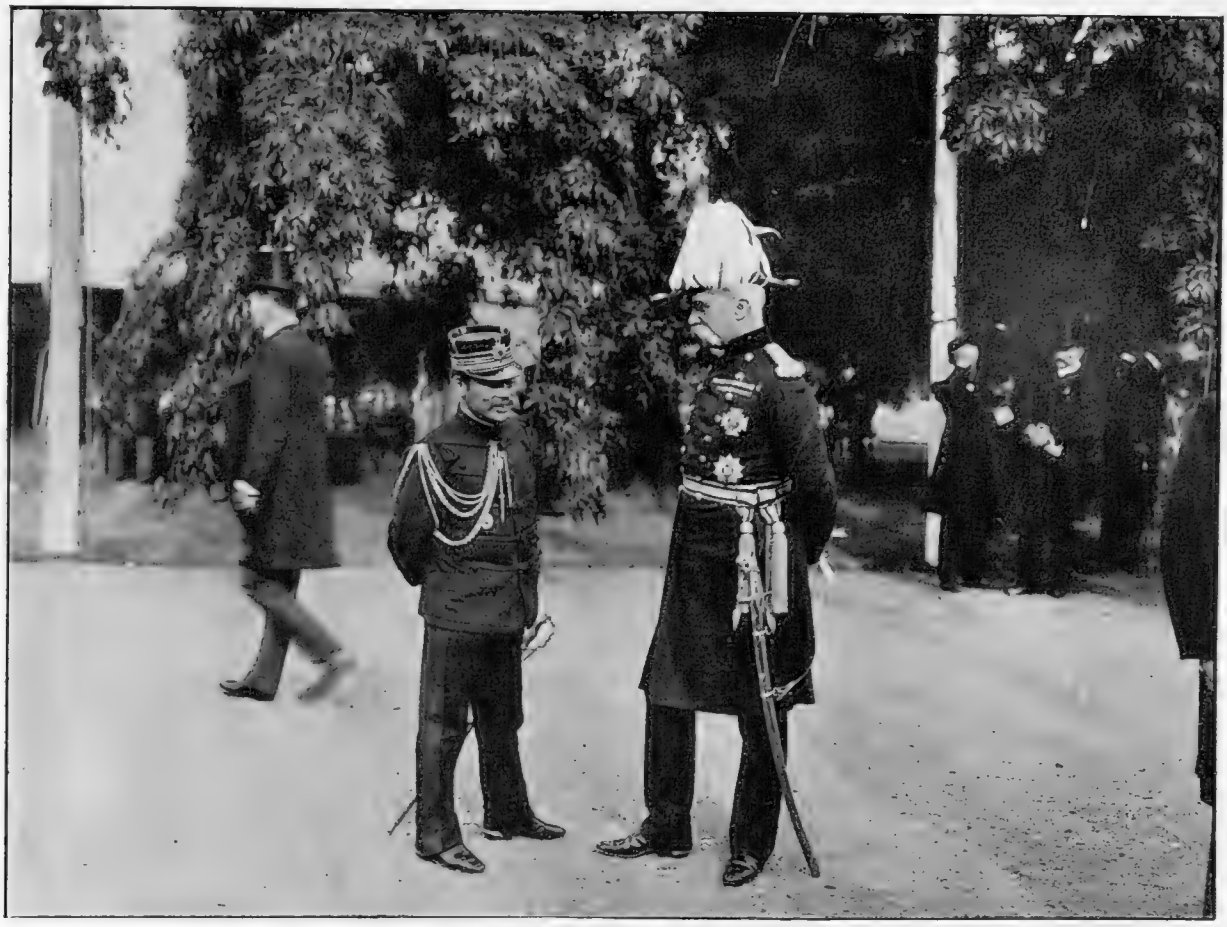
Drilling the Men

Practising with a Quick-firing Gun

Target Firing with a 2½ Pounder



Officers of "The Asama," one of Japan's Ironclads



A Japanese Officer talking to Gen. Sir Alfred Gaselee

Japanese Jack Tars' manly Amusements—A Wrestling Bout

THE "JEUNE FILLE" OF TO-DAY

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

One morning these holidays the mater announced that she had asked a young cousin—a girl—to stay with us for a week or two. Her name was Eileen, and she lived in Ireland. We had never yet set eyes on her, and we did not particularly want to.

"She is about Willie's age," said the mater, "and will be a nice companion for him."

"Companion be blowed!" said Willie, when we went into the smoking-room after breakfast. (The mater said she had no objection to our calling the old schoolroom that, as long as I didn't smoke in it before I go up to Cambridge, which will be next October). "I don't want to see the namby-pamby beast. It will be good-bye to all my fun these holidays. Fancy lugging a great fat girl all about the place. It's too bad of the mater." He nearly cried with fury.

"Never mind, old chap," I said. "She won't be here long, and she may not be so bad. Besides, I can take her off your hands sometimes."

"I'll go and tell the chaps," he said, and took his cap and went out to find some of his cronies.

A few days after that Eileen came. Willie and I went down to the station to meet her. He was not in the best of tempers, for just as we were starting, the mater had sent him up to put on a clean collar, saying that she wanted Eileen to see her cousins looking respectable when she arrived.

"Anyone would think she was the Queen of Sheba and I was Solomon," said Willie as we waited on the platform, "instead of a twopenny schoolgirl ——"

"Coming to see a dirty schoolboy," I added, as the train slid up alongside us.

A girl of about thirteen was hanging her head out of the window of a second-class carriage, which stopped just opposite us.

"That must be she," I whispered.

She took us in at the same time.

"Are you George and Willie?" she asked. "Get somebody to let me out of this. The guard locked me in at London."

I called a porter, but he had no key and could only say, "Yes, miss! Luggage, miss?" after the manner of his kind.

"Very well," said Eileen. "I must get out by the window;" and she did so with some agility, displaying rather more than the normal amount of drapery.

When she had reached the platform, we found her to be a rather tall girl for her age, with very blue eyes and heavy masses of chestnut hair falling about her shoulders. She was dressed in a short tweed skirt and a Norfolk jacket, and wore a red tam-o'-shanter on her glossy curls. Her attractions, however, failed to soften Willie's mood, for he whispered to me in a tone of deep disgust when her back was turned, "What a great hobbledehoy!"

Going home in the fly, she questioned us with great freedom about ourselves, our tastes and pursuits, and gave us some information about her own.

"I've brought my boxing-gloves," she said, surveying Willie, who sat opposite to her, with a critical eye. "I should think I could lick you. We must have a round or two some time to-morrow."

"I should like to knock her ugly head off," he said to me when we had arrived at our journey's end, and Eileen was being embraced by the mater, an operation which she cut as short as was consistent with good manners.

It was not an ugly head at all, but a very pretty one, and, before another day had passed, Willie was following Eileen about like a dog. She was a most lively child, and took the lead in everything, bullying Willie unmercifully if he ever showed any signs of resisting her authority, which happened pretty often, for they fell out and made it up again about a hundred times a day. She knocked him about rather with the boxing gloves, for she was taller than he, and heavier; besides, she knew how to box, and he didn't. The mater did not interfere with this amusement at first, but when Eileen had given Willie a black eye and made his nose bleed, she said boxing wasn't ladylike. However, Eileen said she was allowed to box as much as she liked at home, if she could find anyone to box with, and Willie deposed that he enjoyed being knocked about, so she let them go on, and in a short time they became a more equal match.

One morning, after breakfast, as we three were standing at the window looking on to the road, little Milly Barneby passed, for whom Willie cherishes a romantic, but somewhat shamefaced, passion. She looked up as she went by, and nodded and smiled when she saw us.

"Who is that bread-and-butter miss?" inquired Eileen coolly.

Willie grew as red as a turkey-cock. "She's a jolly sight nicer than you," he spluttered out wrathfully.

Eileen looked round at him, and gave a quick, clear laugh.

"Fancy getting spoony on a little pink-and-white doll like that!" she said. "Why, I could knock her down with my little finger."

"Yes, I daresay you could," retorted Willie. "She is a lady, and not a great, rough, prize-fighting tomboy like you."

"Poor lamb! Did it get its little shirty-pirty out?" jeered Eileen.

Willie's answer was a wild rush. He was of a choleric nature, and disliked ridicule. Eileen put herself in the correct attitude, and parried his attacks, laughing all the time. After a while, growing tired of this form of amusement, she closed with him, and deposited him on his back on the carpet. He got up

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and rushed at her again, but I seized him by the collar, and held him off.

"I'll fight you without the gloves if you like," offered Eileen.

"No, you wont," I said. "It's not the thing for boys and girls to fight each other."

"Pooh!" said Eileen. "What do I care for that? I'd give him a jolly good hiding for cheeking me."

"You couldn't," said Willie, who had recovered his equanimity in some degree. "Besides, I wouldn't fight a flabby, great girl."

It was now Eileen's turn to lose her temper. Her hot Irish blood flared up, and she dealt Willie a sounding slap in the face. Before I could come between them they were at it, hammer and tongs, both of them in grim earnest this time. Just at that moment the door opened, and the mater came into the room. She paused in astonishment. The combatants desisted, and hung their heads.

The truth about the origin of the encounter having been elicited, Willie was sentenced to be imprisoned in his room for the rest of the morning. Eileen, being a visitor, was let off with a reprimand.

Shortly afterwards I went up to my bedroom, which was next to Willie's. I heard a footstep in the passage, and Eileen's voice in a stage whisper.

"I say, Willie, old chap; I'm beastly sorry. Auntie's gone out now. I'll sit on the mat and talk to you through the keyhole, if you like."

Willie, presumably, did not like, for he made no answer. There was a pause, and then Eileen asked in a louder tone:

"I say, what are you doing in there?"

No answer.

Another pause, during which Eileen's eye, or ear, was apparently applied to the keyhole.

"Don't blub, old boy," she said at last.

"'M not blubbing," came in a muffled, but indignant, voice from the other side of the door.

"You are," replied Eileen.

"'M not," replied the voice in raised accents. "Go away! Don't want you. You're a cad and a sneak."

"Why?" inquired Eileen.

"You sneaked to the mater about me."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"Don't talk rot."

"Go away."

"Shan't."

Eileen then retired.

At dinner time Willie was released, and presented a sulky face at the table. The mater took no notice of his ill-humour. Eileen endeavoured to engage her late adversary in conversation, but her addresses were repulsed.

After dinner we three went into the smoking-room. "One of you must clear up the room," I said. "It's in an awful mess."

"Feign I utterly," said Eileen instantly.

"I'm not going to," said Willie. "They are mostly her things"

"I feigned," said Eileen. "You'll have to."

So Willie did. He collected his own effects with care, and put them into cupboards. Whenever he came across something of Eileen's he threw it on to the floor in the corner. Eileen sat by the fire and cheered him on.

When he had finished the mater came in. "Have you got the room tidy?" she asked. "Whose are those things on the floor?"

"Eileen's," said Willie.

"Put them away, dear," said the mater, and went out.

"Who is the sneak now," demanded Eileen triumphantly, and proceeded to pick up her stamp-album, her Jew's harp, the bird she had been stuffing, and the sock she had not been darning, and put them away.

I was sitting in front of the fire, reading. Willie was at the table nursing his ill-humour, and turning over the leaves of a book. Eileen stood at the window and looked out on to the pouring rain.

"What's a fellow to do, weather like this?" she said disconsolately. "Let's play at something, Willie. What's the good of sulking?"

"'M not going to," said Willie shortly.

Eileen again looked out of the window. The rain came down steadily. Presently she turned to me.

"George, let us do something," she said. "It's so dull.

"Can't," I said. "I want to read."

Eileen heaved a deep sigh. "You *are* grumpy, Willie," she said. "You might leave off sulking now. It can't be much fun, I should think. You look just like an unhappy pig."

"Pig yourself," said Willie. Eileen turned again to survey the dripping, cheerless trees through the window.

"I wish mother was here," she said presently; "or I wish I was at home."

"So do I," said Willie. "I wish you'd never come."

Instead of answering him, Eileen went quickly out of the room. I was too much absorbed in my book to notice anything peculiar about her exit, but presently Willie came up to me, and, in quite a different tone to the one he had lately employed, asked me to lend him sixpence.

"What for?" I inquired.

"I'll pay you back to-morrow," he said impatiently. "I get my week's money then."

I gave him the sixpence, and he ran out of the room with it. I heard the front door, and then the garden gate, slam.

In a short time Eileen came back, and sat down very quietly with a book by the fire. The clock ticked, and it grew dusk.

Presently Willie was heard returning from his expedition. He came panting into the room. Eileen took no notice of him. He went up to her and held out a little square package wrapped in wet paper. Eileen looked up surprised.

"It's for you," said Willie shortly.

Eileen opened the packet and disclosed a cardboard box with a glass top, full of tin soldiers.

"Oh, Willie, you really are ——," she exclaimed rapturously, and they fell on each other's necks. Five minutes later they were sitting together amicably on the floor, Eileen defending a fort on the coal-scuttle, and Willie bombarding it from behind a temporary stockade formed of a few volumes of "Robertson's Sermons."

Bridge. By "Problematicus"

Some of our readers are, very naturally, exercised in mind about the best method of discarding when the declaration is no-trumps. Their perplexity is very well-grounded, for there are objections to every method; and we do not expect that a general fixed practice will be soon established. The majority of players discard always from their weak suits; other players make their first discard always from their strong suit, as when trumps have been declared and the strength is manifestly against them; and others, again, discard from their weak or strong suit, according as their partner or their opponent is making the tricks.

If your strong suit is very strong indeed, you can afford to call for it, either by discarding the highest of a head sequence, or by discarding twice in it, a higher card, and then a lower. In that case there is no doubt what you should do: discard from it and call. But it happens so often that your strong suit is of but moderate strength, and you do not like to weaken it by discarding from it.

The rule at present is: discard from your *weak* suits when *your partner* is leading; from your *strong* suit when *your opponent* is leading.

It seems a very sound rule; but, unfortunately, it is difficult to apply it with any valuable frequency.

In the first case, when your partner is leading, you are so often unable to discard from one of your two weak suits because you dare not unguard a useful card in it, as when you hold a queen and two little ones. You discard twice from one suit, the lowest, and then a higher card in it; and all that your partner has learned is that he is to lead one of the two suits, and is as likely as not to lead the wrong one. In the second case, when you are discarding to your opponent's lead, a discard from your strong suit may so weaken it that you lose a trick in it.

Practically, it is generally a choice of evils.

Consider this hand: as fourth player you hold,

♠ K. J. 10. 9.
♦ 7. 2.
♣ Q. 6. 4.
♥ 6. 5. 3. 2.

Your partner makes four tricks in diamonds; following the rule you discard the 2 and then the 3 of hearts, for you cannot discard a club and unguard the queen; your partner is just as likely to lead a club as a spade. Your discard has taught him very little. Or your opponent makes four diamonds, and following the rule, you discard a spade; you have weakened your strong suit lamentably. You are continually in the unfortunate situations of having either to give very little information, or to weaken your strong suit.

We really think that it would be better to make a rule that your first discard should show your partner what you want led to you, and your other discards should not count.

It would be a very simple rule; and simplicity in a rule is always an advantage. You would not have to discard twice from a really strong suit to call in it, or discard the highest of a head sequence if you had a small card in the suit. After one discard, your partner would never be in doubt as to what to lead you. Against this, you have to set the fact that you would have to weaken often a moderately strong suit by discarding from it. But that you have to do often enough in any case by the present rule, when discarding to your opponent's lead. We believe that, in the long run, this would be the most advantageous course of play, as it is the simplest.

With regard to the question of the value of no-trumps, a correspondent suggests that their value should be lowered to 10. This would be a very fair change, as he points out; for while three tricks in them would still give you the game, two tricks would not put you out nearly so often. As it is, if you have already scored the odd in Hearts or Diamonds, two tricks put you out; lower no-trumps to 10, and you score 28 or 26, which is quite enough, considering how much the declaration increases the advantage which the dealer already enjoys.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM V.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♣ 4	♣ Q	♣ 9	♣ 3
2	♠ 4	♣ A	♣ 10	♣ 5
3	♥ 3	♣ K	♣ J	♣ 6
4	♠ 8	♣ 2	♥ 7	♣ 7
5	♥ 4	♠ 3	♥ J	♣ 8
6	♥ 6	♥ K	♠ 6	♥ 5
7	♥ 9	♥ A	♠ 2	♥ 8
8	♦ 3	♥ 2	♠ 7	♥ 10
9	♦ 6	♠ 5	♠ J	♥ Q
10			♦ A	
11			♠ Q	
12			♠ K	
13			♠ A	

For A B to make nine tricks, Z must have doubled the No-trump declaration, under the Highest of Shortest Suit Convention, a quite reasonable double, to get a spade led him, with a fair certainty of making seven spades and the ace of diamonds. Following that Convention, Y led his single club, with the above result.

Answers to Correspondents

S. R.—You say (1) That a child could solve the problem; (2) That the problem is unsolvable. We should be exceedingly obliged if you would let us know which of the two is your unbiassed opinion, and we could discuss it more easily.

Eulalie.—By all means stick to the Highest of Shortest Suit Convention, since it is so dear to you. Far be it from us to coerce any woman, much less convince her against her will. It is indeed probable, as you urge, that you will so get more rubbers into your life; whether you will look back on them with equal pleasure is another matter.

W. B. S.; Zenobia; R. T.; Chester; G. R. E.; Quint; O. F.—The whole point of the problem is how Y came to lead a heart.

H. J.—It is interesting to learn that the best players of you acquaintance have returned to the Heart Convention.

(Many answers to correspondents are unavoidably held over.)

Communications to The Bridge Editor, The Bystander, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

£25 BRIDGE COMPETITION

With Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 1s. each

The proprietors of THE BYSTANDER have decided to give one prize of £25 in cash and ten consolation prizes of one guinea each for the best solution of the declarations and play of the hands of a rubber. One hand will be given each week. The competition commenced last week, but of course competitors may enter at any point of it by obtaining back numbers.

The advantages of working through a Bridge competition are two-fold. First, of course, there is the prize. Secondly, it crystallises, as nothing else can, your knowledge of the game, and strengthens your grip on it. It is a good thing to read treatises on Bridge, but a far better to work through a competition with your treatise by your side, referring to it continually when you are in doubt as to a lead or point of play. It impresses these points on your memory as nothing else does, so that even if you fail to win the prize, you are amply repaid for your trouble by your increased knowledge of the game.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the declaration, and play of a hand, cut out the coupon, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

BYSTANDER BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor,
THE BYSTANDER,
Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment,
London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for making a certain declaration, for doubling, re-doubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played in the ordinary way, four players playing. It is *not* a Double Dummy rubber; and each player is supposed only to see his own hand and that of dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that each player should play as well as possible according to what he knows of his own hand and dummy's, and learns from the play of his partner and opponents.

8. The players have adopted the Heart Convention for the reasons set forth in Nos. I. & II. of THE BYSTANDER.

9. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♥ A	♥ K	♥ 7	♥ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

10. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solution; thus—Declaration. No Trumps. A. B. win 8 tricks. Y. Z. 5 tricks.

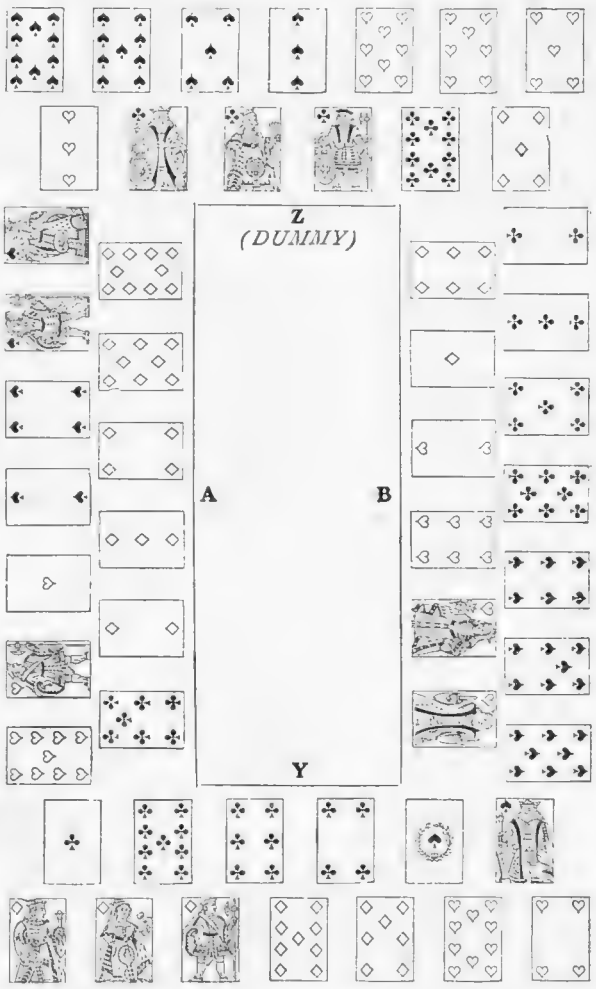
11. Competitors are advised to keep the score of the rubber by them, since, as it progresses, the declaration will be influenced by the score.

12. A competitor may enter the competition at any point in it. Back numbers of THE BYSTANDER may be procured from any newsagent; or from The Publisher, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

[N.B.—Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chance of the Prize. The Bridge Editor's decision will be final in every instance.]

COUPON II.

THE SECOND HAND OF THE RUBBER.



Y deals.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

Nom de guerre or initials .....

The Automobile Club Journal

This publication not being available for the general public, as it is only sent to individuals connected with the society, an extract from an article in the number of December 31 may, it is conceived, not come amiss, especially after all the gush to which we have been treated with regard to the Paris Show. The present writer has for some time past held the opinion, and he gives it for what it is worth, that "in machinery the *supreme excellence* lies in simplicity," and now comes along "W. W. B." with the most sensible article one has yet seen on the modern motor-car in any journal, either lay or professional, for many a long day. Hark to him: speaking of the makers who leave go of every vestige of common sense they may once have possessed, in order to copy the very latest extreme of fashion, he says:

They have discarded accessible automatic inlet valves for inaccessible valves operated by chattering mechanism, half of which is sealed up beyond inspection, except by taking the whole engine and everything attached to it to pieces. They have low-tension magneto-ignition apparatus with sufficient parts for a typewriter, and some of them supplement these with an ordinary high-tension jump-spark set of apparatus, so as to be sure they may have enough; many have added some form of rotary make and break, driven by separate little spindles and bevel gear, or by a chain and sprocket wheels and numerous bearings, apparently because the thing will not work except under observation on the dashboard; they have clutch apparatus, with spring adjustment apparatus, ball thrusts, and parts enough to please a German valve-gear designer and to spare; they have lubricators enough to fill a store, and most of them are using, in addition, one with wheels going round to please Toddy, and big enough for a decently behaved and not too thirsty engine of five times the size; gear-boxes have grown in size and number of wheels and operating spindles and forks, and one has not enough parts inside, so, like a Dutch clock, this has a pair of entrail-looking slotted links, and radius rods and connections, hanging out in the dust; also numerous wire connections to carburettor and ignition tackle, and the observer is awed at the ingenuity displayed in the compilation of all this, but wonders why, after having fairly got away on the principle of compilation by addition, the designer did not put it in the hands of the accessory makers in the gallery for further developments. Three quarters of the cars in the Salon ought to be put down carefully on the drawing board, and then, when the whole of the drawings are carefully finished, and none of the accessory makers and agents are looking, the whole lot should be rubbed out and started afresh by someone belonging to the other quarter of the cars.

Another Opinion

Isn't it odd how people look at these things in different lights? I was also interested in perusing the effusion of another scribe (this time evidently without any real practical knowledge of motoring), who had been let loose to "do" the Paris show for a daily journal, and after duly circulating round acres of motor-cars, he delivers himself of this paralysing dictum, "the '*clou*' of the exhibition was the Reynard train, and now even electric tramcars will be a thing of the past." Now the Reynard train is merely an invention for coupling together any number of non-descript cars, so as to haul them along the road,

The White Steam Car, which Performed so well in the Reliability Trials

Photo by *Reid*

Lady Marjorie Greville in a Motor Car

Lady Marjorie, the eldest daughter of Lady Warwick, is to marry Lord Helmsley on January 19

one behind the other, by means of a universally jointed propeller shaft, running the whole length of this mechanical procession, and driving the wheels of each individual car it passes through. The whole concern was to be operated by a "tractor" in front, the dust and smell from which would be enjoyed by the passengers in the first car, who would pass it on, plus more dust, to the second, and so on, in increasing ratio, the view being limited in each to the car immediately in front. I conceive that, on an emergency, this centipede might be persuaded to cover the ground at pretty nearly eight miles an hour, and one could almost prophesy that the clatter and din would be terrific; but, no matter, "it is the *clou* of the exhibition." How one wishes one had been taught French, so as to grasp the point properly.

Duryea

When the motor-car craze first struck us, the preliminary vehicles were termed "horseless carriages," and were in appearance very much like a small trap without the shafts, and to make the illusion complete, even the dashboard was left intact; but the pendulum has now swung the other way, and some of the later examples seem to resemble the offspring of a cross between a locomotive and a fire-engine. A huge engine at one end, over the fore axle, four passengers bunched together over the rear axle, such is many a latter-day mechanical vehicle, but the Duryea people have gone about things in a different way. To begin with, they put the engine, not in the front, but, as in the Lanchester car, in the proper place, under the body of the car and out of sight, so that there is little to attract attention to the fact that it has any engine at all, to say nothing of the far better distribution of weight than in the normal type. The engine is three-cylinder, and, like the Wolseley and Pick, horizontal, the "live" axle is solid and in one piece, and so is strong enough to stand solid tyres in this case if necessary, and the drive to it is by chain, and not by the wasteful bevel gear so beloved of all makers just at present. In fact, Duryea has had the courage, not only to be original, but to keep original, and, as a result, he is now producing a beautifully sprung, sensible and most graceful looking carriage (the word "car" seems inappropriate to it), which, moreover, at the recent speed trials in the Phœnix Park showed its heels in the races to all the others in its class, and to many in a much more powerful class, in a manner calculated to surprise the very elect. Personally, if I wanted to buy a motor-car, which, thank goodness, I do not, I should go and make eyes at the Duryea for a *long* time. The engines and principal parts are now made by Messrs. Willans & Robinson, of Rugby, so it is not likely that anything can be turned out much better, as far as good material and best "finish" are concerned.

The First Motor-Car in America

Philion's Motor Car, built in 1890, and which its owner claims to have been the first built in America. It was driven by steam, and is now preserved as a relic

An Ideal Cheap Car

Here is a suggestion for a car for the man of moderate means, which could be placed on the market, if made in any numbers, at about £200. Wood frame (ash) stiffened with steel plates where necessary; single cylinder horizontal slow running 7h.p. engine, with automatic inlet valve, wipe contact, high-tension coil-ignition; water tank carried above cylinder level, and gilled radiator. It would be driven by two parallel shafts, transverse to frame, with the gear-box between them, which would give three speeds and reverse, and would contain the differential or balance gear, all running in oil. The first shaft would take the drive direct from engine, the second one driving the road wheels by sprockets and chains. Any good spray carburettor. Solid axles almost as thick as one's wrist, wood wheels with ball bearings and solid tyres, Tonneau body. Axles and all shafting, including that in gear-box, would be parallel to all other shafting. Drive from engine to first shaft by flat belt, struck as required from "idle" to fixed pulley on this same shaft. That is all—no more.

Its Uses

Such a vehicle would run twenty miles an hour on the flat, and, being "geared low," would go up any possible hill with ease. There would be no breakdowns, because there would be nothing to go wrong any more than there is in a lawn mower, and in a small country house it would be regarded as a general friend of the family. However, the public do not want it, or they would ask for it; and the present writer has no need to get one, as he has owned one for these last two years, to his extreme joy and gratification, so "'nuff said." This is not a "free advertisement," as not another of this make is to be obtained, the type being "off," having given way to the normal bevel gear driven, pneumatic-tyred, clutch-operated machine so greatly beloved of the modern mechanically inclined, antiperipatetic pilgrim.

Steam Cars

The most prominent amongst these, at any rate of the smaller type, are American in their origin, and many of them run so quietly and without any smell or vibration that the question, at any rate, of having a "steamer" generally crops up when the novice has determined to have a motor-car of some sort, and has not as yet decided "what to go in for." In the steam vehicle there is, as everybody knows, a reserve of power in the boiler-steam at a certain pressure, and so the driver, as long as he keeps this pretty constant, has the most "flexible" form of tractive energy possible, quite different from the internal combustion engine-driver, who has to cause explosions to occur in the very cylinder itself many hundreds of times in every minute, in order to be able to get along at all.

And Their Boilers

But there are boilers *and* boilers, four distinct types as a matter of fact; they are: fire-tube or tank boilers, watertube boilers, flash boilers, and semi-flash boilers, the fire-tube being the standard in general use all the world over. The drawback to the latter type is that the water in it has to be kept at a fairly constant level, and so it needs to be carefully watched, which is just what the driver resents, as he does not want to watch anything but the road, as when driving a petrol car. The semi-flash is really a watertube boiler when not in action, and a flash boiler when the engine is drawing steam, and in it there is no level of water that has to be watched, but it has not so much reserve of power as the first type. The earliest of these

A Thorneycroft Wagon
A great number of these have been exported to the Colonies

engines used on the road was of the horizontal type; then the vertical position was adopted, and now there is a tendency to return to the horizontal, so fickle is fashion.

A Knowledge of Mechanics Necessary

The steam car is extremely suitable for anyone with a mechanical turn of mind, and who has some sort of glimmering idea as to what high-pressure steam is before he starts. The chief drawback is that there has to be a large naked flame to heat the boiler, and as this is, in most instances, fed with petrol, which it uses in at least the proportion of five gallons to three, compared with a petrol car proper, for a similar distance, many amateurs are consequently "put off," as there may easily be an element of danger in this connection, as well as expense. The driver always has to constantly watch two things: either the air and water, or the steam and air; whereas the petrol driver only listens to the engine, which, by the same token, it is extremely difficult to hear at all, when going at any pace on the road, owing to the manner in which most modern high-speed engines have been made quiet of late. The ordinary steam car has to fill up with water on an average about every thirty miles, which is a drawback, as one has to be on the look-out for a suitable watering place as one goes along.

Advice to Steam Car Drivers

The advice given recently to a friend who had driven his relatives and acquaintances to the verge of frenzy by argumentative disquisitions as to which type he should invest in, was perhaps a counsel of perfection, tentatively put forward by the present writer almost at his last gasp, after listening to prolonged debates on the matter; it was, "Have both." Being the only way out of the difficulty he *had* both, and now either blows his exhaust steam off into the atmosphere or "teuf-teufs" along the highway, just as he feels disposed. Were I a retired engineer rear admiral, I would have a steam car; were I an ordinary (or garden) layman, I would have the more usual internal combustion article. But steam cars are delightful when you once master them

White Steam Cars

The White Steam Car cut a good figure in the Reliability Trials, only losing fourteen marks throughout the eight days, none of which were attributable to any defects in the machinery, and this is a remarkable advance in steam car practice. It looks much like any petrol car, light and elegant, and has none of that "freakish" appearance presented by old examples of this more ancient method of raising power than is the internal combustion engine. Steam will always have its advocates, being, as it is, an adaptation to vehicular traffic both "flexible" and noiseless.

Steam Wagons

These are being very generally brought into use, and appear, for the present at any rate, to be able to well hold their own against their petrol-driven competitors. It would seem as if the somewhat delicate ignition apparatus required for a powerful engine of the latter type is not so suitable for use with heavy iron wheels, which are necessary for hauling bulky merchandise, and which, naturally, cause much jarring and vibration. Moreover, the driver of such a piece of machinery would have to be an expert in modern motor-car practice and also have a fair knowledge of electricity as applied to high tension coils, and such men are not easily to be had even at home in England. With the steam wagon it is otherwise, and in South Africa they are being very largely used. One of these wagons, built by the Lancashire Steam Motor Company, of Leyland, is now being employed on the Rand, and can take a load of six tons up a gradient of one in seven.

C. G. M.

Hunting

The Quorn Hunt

To the perennial renown of the Quorn Hunt many causes have contributed. It is fashionable, and it has always had good masters to preside over it, while as to the charm of the greater part of its territory there can be no question. Of other explanations of its exalted position among the hunting establishments of the United Kingdom, it may be surmised that its monosyllabic title has been made especially familiar by dint of adaptability for metrical purposes — an advantage which is not shared by any rivals for public favour, when pronounced correctly. If Mr. Boothby, who died in 1752, be accepted as a veritable Master of the Quorn, the Hunt's early history recedes into an unrecorded era, and even the first years of Mr. Meynell's long reign are pervaded by obscurity. In 1776, however, it is ascertained that John Raven carried the horn, and from that epoch the various changes which occurred in the staff and general circumstances can be traced with sufficient accuracy.

Its Masters and Huntsmen.

The roll of successors to Mr. Meynell is as brilliant as it is varied; for, notwithstanding that every name to be found thereon has attained to classic distinction in the annals of the chase, there were no fewer than fifteen changes of mastership between the close of the eighteenth century and 1856, when Lord Stamford assumed the reins of management. Seven years later another period of incontinuity set in, Mr. Coupland's accession in 1870 being the fourth alteration of dynasty in seven years. Mr. Coupland's third season was marked by the advent of Tom Firr, who, but for the melancholy ending of his marvellous career, would, doubtless, have been still as invincible as ever. Of other famous huntsmen, Frank Gillard served under Mr. J. Chaworth Musters from 1868-70; while John Goddard, John Treadwell (who hunted the hounds for Lord Stamford for six seasons), and Dick Burton have every claim to respect as admirable craftsmen. The latter, however, was probably at his best when whipping-in to Mr. Osbaldeston during the Squire's second term of mastership. Since then, with the exception of one season in Mr. Musters's time, no amateur huntsman has officiated.

The Quorn Hunt—Drawing the Hounds from the Kennels

Tom Bishopp, Huntsman of the Quorn Foxhounds

The Existing Régime

In point of efficiency, the present administration, under which the Quorn has successfully emerged from the temporary disorganisation which was bound to follow such a shock as the loss of Tom Firr, in no respect falls short of the standard required by a glorious past. The Master, Captain Burns-Hartopp, has in his favour immense popularity, backed up by strong local ties, while the sport shown by his huntsman, Tom Bishopp, has more than justified the wisdom of his selection for the post. Bishopp is still a young man, having been born in 1860, and thus being of equal age with his neighbour, Ben Capell, of the Belvoir. Few huntsmen could boast of having to their credit, in their first season, in a strange country, such a run as that of March 27 of last year, when, after crossing over twelve miles of an unexceptionable district, Bishopp handled his fox, which had been found at Barkby Holt, within a short distance of Oakham. The excellence of this performance was emphasised by the fact that, early in the gallop, considerable difficulties supervened, owing to the pack dividing, the rectification of which bespoke the utmost smartness on the part of the whippers-in.

L. J. B.

Tom Bishopp Salutes Captain Burns-Hartopp, the Master

1. Off to the covert 2. Hounds in full cry 3. Across a bit of open country

The Quorn Hunt

Fishing

"A Likely Corner"

Angling is becoming every year more popular on the Continent. Here is a picture of a Swedish angler who makes his own salmon and trout flies, and kills many splendid baskets of fish every season. Of course, one effect of this increase of native anglers is that fishing becomes more sought after and by no means so easy for the visitor to get as formerly; on the other hand, rivers are better preserved, and poachers are much less free to do as they please, so there are compensations; and, after all, it is a little selfish of some of our anglers to grumble at rents rising in consequence of natives of the country wishing to fish in their own rivers. After all, the men who do the harm are rich "Britishers" who know nothing about the value of fishings, and give any fancy price the native agent cares to ask.

"A Likely Corner"

Fisherman's Luck

Fisherman's luck has been proverbial since Adam's time, and one great charm of angling is that you never know what you may catch. As I write, my eyes wander to the stately proportions of a Thames trout over two feet in length and over ten pounds in weight. A Thames fish of this size is so rare, and so wary and difficult to catch, that I have known anglers who have passed from youth to manhood, and died without succeeding in the attempt. And yet, such is the uncertainty of angling, that this fine Thames trout now before me, enshrined in a glass case, was captured by an angler who was fishing at Cookham for perch. This was a slice of good luck, but if Mr. Williams had not had skill as well, he would never have landed such a grand fish. In another case there is a nicely stuffed specimen of a pike—which weighed not quite half a pound. I had him set up in a glass case simply because he was the unluckiest of pikes; he had hardly passed the baby stage when a relative bit his tail off—not only the tail, but the end of his body up to the dorsal fin. The wound had healed up, a new tail was doing its best to grow, when a heron killed its owner. Some fish, like this little chap, have very hard luck. There was a handsome trout—I forget his exact size, but it was over five pounds—which was well known to all the Matlock anglers. He had been hooked several times, once by no end of a swell dry-fly angler from London, but he had always escaped. He was so well known that he was called by various pet names, such as "old artful," "the copper," etc. One night a local fisherman, whose bedroom window overhangs the Derwent, heard a tremendous ring at his bell, and when he pulled in his night-line, attached to the bell wire, he found he had captured "old artful." Quite a gloom spread over the district when it was known in what an ignominious way the pride of the Derwent had died.

Bitter Moments

Sir Edward Grey is not only a keen but a very clever angler—he it was, by the way, who told the French that we could not allow any fishing in the Nile, which was a very lucky speech for us, when they afterwards tried to do some poaching at Fashoda. It is interesting to learn that the "bitterest moment he has ever known in angling" was when he was absolutely beaten by some great Irish trout, and every angler will understand his feeling. Sir Edward is one of the best dry-fly anglers on the Itchen, or anywhere else, for that matter. Now a Hampshire angler and past master in dry-fly science feels pretty confident in his ability to catch trout anywhere when they are feeding on flies on the surface. Consequently, when Sir Edward found himself on an Irish river and saw fine trout rising, which had probably never seen a dry fly, he was justified in having visions of big baskets. For two days he did his best, knelt and waded and fished, but in vain, the trout were so shy that he could not get near them. At last, on the second evening, in a fading light, he hooked a big fellow, which went off up stream with a mighty rush; the angler followed, carefully winding up his line, until he found the end of it disappeared in a big bed of weeds. Carefully feeling along the line, his hand touched at last, deep in the weeds, the side of a great fish. It was impossible to use his landing-net; the only thing to do was to try to get a grip of the fish. And then happened what usually happens, the fish made a violent struggle and was gone, leaving Sir Edward with a broken cast and his feelings. No wonder he waded out and lay on the bank in the dusk and felt very bitter things. But success rewarded his patience and skill; he found a place a day or two afterwards where he could get opposite the fish, and, with an underhand cast, pitch the fly so that it floated down to the fish without showing any gut. He caught some of the shyest and most easily scared trout he had ever met with.

Shy Irish Trout

I have heard other anglers I know speak of the extreme shyness of some of these big Irish river-trout. One friend, who has killed thousands of

Trolling for Jack

salmon, and who fishes on the Boyne every spring, tells me that it is perfectly aggravating to see the big trout there feeding on some tiny natural fly which you can hardly see and refusing everything you can offer them. On the Suir, where my old friend Mr. E. J. Middleton was one of the first to use the dry-fly, nothing else is of any use now, and where they formerly got big baskets of small fish with the wet-fly, now they get only big fish on the dry-fly.

R. B. M.

In the Toils of the Net

Coursing

Sport in Sussex

There are few recognised sports which have not a considerable following in Sussex, and the man having either summer or winter quarters in Brighton or Chichester can always depend on getting good sport at any time of the year. At present coursing is receiving capital support in the county, and the success of the gatherings of the Sussex County Club—although confined to greyhounds owned by members—is so marked that the revival of the superb meetings held on the western borders in the sixties and seventies seems near realisation. The Boxing Day fixture of the club named proved how very popular the sport has become, and there was one of the largest crowds seen at any Southern meeting this season, while the coursing itself compared favourably with that seen at most open country gatherings. With ground, at Pulborough, Shoreham, Ford, and Clymping ungrudgingly offered to the club, and the superb downs at Bishopstone to be had for the asking, Sussex coursing could be made equal to that at Longtown, Altcar, Lytham, Swaffham, or Newmarket.

Removing Fur from a Dog's Mouth after Killing

The Plumpton Meeting

The only open meeting in the county at present is that at Plumpton, where the enclosed system was revived by Mr. Horace Ledger, some two seasons ago, with it must be added, considerable success. There is nothing in the confinement and subsequent release of the hares for the purpose of coursing that could be objected to by the most humane sportsman. Hares on being introduced to the ground quickly localise the escapes, and so perfect is the arrangement of the enclosure that coursing at Plumpton is no longer open to the reproach of being a mere race to the hare, a wrench, and a kill. The fact that since re-establishment the enclosure has been used for a large number of Waterloo Cup trials, proves that owners believe in the legitimacy of its tests. One needs no further proof than this.

B.

In the Coursing Field
A brace of dogs about to be unslipped

ON THE GREEN.

The Rise of Golf in America

Now that golf has become so intensely popular in the United States, it has occurred to me that it might interest readers on this side of the herring pond to learn something of the history of its origin and development over there. It is really a most interesting theme, for, in the short space of less than sixteen years, a game that was entirely unknown and unplayed has become the absorbing pastime of all classes of Americans.

Golf Unknown in 1885

When I went to America in 1885, I left my clubs behind, for I was going to a land of golfing heathens, who knew nothing of the joys of driving, approaching, and putting, or the sorrows of bunkers and niblicks. I must confess, to my shame and sorrow, that I did nothing during my two years' residence in America to lead our cousins to the light of golfing knowledge.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson, the Pioneer of Golf in America

The proud title of the "Columbus" of golf must be awarded to Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who went out to the United States in the autumn of 1887, and with the assistance of some American friends, who had seen the game played at Pau, laid out a course on the grounds of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club on Long Island. The Americans, I have no doubt, were much impressed by the exhibition of the game given them by Mr. Hutchinson, then at the zenith of his golfing powers; but, for some reason which I cannot explain, and which possibly some American writer may elucidate for us, the game did not catch on at first.

A Lost Set of Clubs and Balls.

No blame for this can, however, attach to Mr. Hutchinson, who sacrificed himself nobly in the interests of American golf. On his return to England he sent out to New York quite a stock of clubs, balls, and implements for the game. From that day to this he has never been able to discover what became of that missionary consignment of golfing paraphernalia. Possibly the Customs House officials took fright at the strange appearance of these tools, and impounded them for their museum of curiosities. For the moment, Mr. Hutchinson's zeal seemed likely to have no further reward than the penalty of the payment of that set of ill-fated clubs.

The Sudden Development of the Game

A little later, however, the game began to take shape over there. No doubt, as the game had now spread so widely in England, Americans who came over were more and more brought into contact with golf, and one or two enthusiasts probably started once more to build up the foundations laid by Mr. Hutchinson. Several causes, I think, contributed to the success of golf in America. Cricket has never appealed widely to Americans. The only home it seems to have in America is at Philadelphia; but beyond that excellent

Mr. Horace Hutchinson, the "Columbus" of Golf

circle of Philadelphian enthusiasts, cricket has had no proper trial in America. Baseball, as every visitor to America knows, has long been a national game with our cousins, but, like Association football at home, it had for years been falling more and more into the hands of professional players. A more beautiful or interesting game to watch it is impossible to imagine. But the attitude of the American mind towards the game, even in my time, was more like that of ours to Association football; Americans preferred to see it played by professional experts rather than play it themselves. Lawn tennis, to be sure, had taken strong hold of the Americans, but I will not invite the anger of lovers of that game by discussing the reasons why it could not fill the place taken by golf. I hold, then, that the Americans were in want of a game, and that golf came to them at the psychological moment, and, once understood, was hailed with enthusiasm. Golf courses sprang up like mushrooms in a night, and no self-respecting hotel proprietor failed to advertise, among the attractions of his hostelry, the close proximity of golf links.

The Prime Minister Putting at Stanmore Links
In this match Stanmore Club defeated the Houses of Parliament by 7½ to 2½

Present State of the Game in America

Our keen and intelligent cousins, having found the thing was good, developed it with that systematic enthusiasm for which they are so famous. They soon established a powerful association, to which most of their clubs are affiliated, which watches over the interests of the American golfing community with a vigilance and care, and which, in some respects, we might well imitate.

Mr. Travis and Mr. Byers

Considering the short time during which they have played the game, the progress of the American players is nothing short of marvellous. They have already produced one or two really first-class players, such as Mr. Walter Travis and Mr. Byers, both of whom are very dour opponents to tackle, as Mr. Low's team discovered during their recent tour. They were able to put up a side that beat our men after a close contest, a result that a few short years ago would have been absolutely impossible. Mr. Norman Hunter told me that wherever he went he saw the small American boys and girls handling drivers and putters in much the same way as one sees the small folk playing in Scotland. All the Universities there have strong clubs, and have inter-'Varsity contests. The American open and amateur championships are contested with as much keenness, and watched by the public with as much interest as they are over here. As I write, I have before me the prospectus of a great international golf tournament, to be held at St. Louis this year, during the World's Fair, with every possible form of golf competition, including, heaven save us! a "putting" contest by electric light at night.

Future American Champions

Given their greater numbers, it seems evident that the Americans will be producing enthusiasts who will give our very best players very hard matches, if, indeed, they do not beat them. It behoves our players, therefore, to look to their laurels. The Americans will be sending their best men over here to wrest the Amateur Cup from us, which they would probably immediately convert into a golfing America Cup. I can conceive a future golfing Lipton making many weary pilgrimages in quest of that cup. Whatever further developments they may have in store for us, I am sure I am at one with my readers in wishing American golfers all possible success in this New Year, and in inviting them to send some of their best players to the Amateur Championship at Sandwich, to show us how they would shape against our picked amateurs.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Photo by *Biograph Studio*

Miss Toupie Lowther

Lady Fencers at M. Volland's Academy

Graceful and health-giving, the polite art of fencing has, in the fulness of time—which is the present—entered into its kingdom. Women have at last awakened to the fact that its courtly salute, and its vigorous but elegant movements are especially adapted to preserve two personal attributes we would all fain secure, health and—yes, let us even, if only for once, be sincere—beauty. Hence, its present popularity, and the increasing vogue it enjoys. From the King's daughters to the student in polytechnics, it is in high favour. With the more leisured it has become somewhat of a cult, and its high priest is Monsieur Volland, one of whose pupils has attained international fame, and whose name is as well known amongst French as amongst English fencers.

Miss Gladys Courtney

Miss Toupie Lowther

Miss Toupie Lowther represents right well the woman who fences. In her play, both with foil and *épée*, feminine grace and masculine vigour — the characteristic combination of fencing — are equally conspicuous, and she is undoubtedly the best woman fencer in the world. During the past twelve months she has demonstiated, plain for all to see, the superiority of which we are all so proud. On December 6, 1902, during the fencing display at the Empress Rooms organised by Monsieur Volland for the promotion of the sport in England, and which was honoured by the patronage of the Prince of Wales, she proved much too strong a fencer for Mdme. Gabrielle, the French lady champion; and, in conjunction with

Miss Ogilvy and Miss Romilly

Ladies' Hockey at Surbiton: Richmond Score the First Goal of the Match

Monsieur Lambard, the winner of the first fencing prize at Condercel's college, in Paris, gave a most interesting and well-sustained exhibition with the *épée de combat. L'appetit vient en mangeant*: She took part, at Antwerp, shortly after, in the display at the Cercle de la Concorde meeting, beating all the best Belgian fencers. Then on to Paris, where, before a delighted audience of some two thousand people—who applauded, and applauded yet again—she competed at the Ecole des Ingénieurs during the big entertainment given there, a woman among men, on equal terms with the best experts in the home of the sport. With true French gallantry, and to show their appreciation of her visit, the committee presented their charming guest with a gold-mounted foil, whilst enthusiastic admirers lined the passages through which she passed with an impromptu guard of honour. In October last she met in combat, at Newcastle, for the benefit of the hospital, a certain London professor, whom she disposed of without much difficulty, and she will shortly appear in a new *rôle*.

A Fencing Seance

An entertainment will be organised by Monsieur Volland at the Empress Rooms, on February 20—amongst other patrons being Prince Francis of Teck, M. Paul Cambon, the Duc de Guiche and the Earls of Albemarle, Lonsdale, and Kilmorey, when one of

Pretty Play on the Left Wing in the Richmond v. Surbiton Match

Surbiton beat Richmond by five goals to three

County Hockey at Hendon: Cheshire v. Middlesex
Cheshire shoot at goal

the principal features will be an open international competition for women. The preliminary competition will be held on February 17, at one of the ladies' clubs, the Army and Navy—for full particulars apply to the organiser, Alfred Place West, Kensington—and the two best fencers will compete on the 13th, their judges consisting of the Princess Polignac, the Baroness de Meyer, and the young lady of whom I have been speaking, who will also participate in the mimic fray, amongst the male candidates for honour.

Miss Courtney

Miss Gladys Courtney is another pupil who will perform on that occasion. She learned the rudiments in Paris, and then completed her education in London. Although fond of golf, tennis, and skating, she prefers fencing to all other sports. Not easily tired, she is able to follow the bent of her inclination vigorously and with success, and her proficiency is already great.

Two Fair Fencers.

Miss Ogilvy and Miss F. Romilly, the pretty daughter of Lady Arabella Romilly, are yet other examples of the fascination exercised by fencing. They are accustomed to each other's modes of attack and defence, generally fencing together, a distinguishing and enviable characteristic of Miss Romilly's play being the beautifully extended lunge, of which so good an example is given in the accompanying photograph. They have taken part in various displays including that given at the Albert Hall, under the patronage of the Duke of Connaught, during Coronation year, in aid of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum and of the survivors of the Balaclava Charge. They have participated, on various occasions, in the meetings held at Oxford and Cambridge, and are, undoubtedly, amongst our most promising young fencers.

A Bully on the 25 yards line—the Cheshire v. Middlesex Match
Cheshire beat Middlesex by two goals to one

"Creed or Conviction"

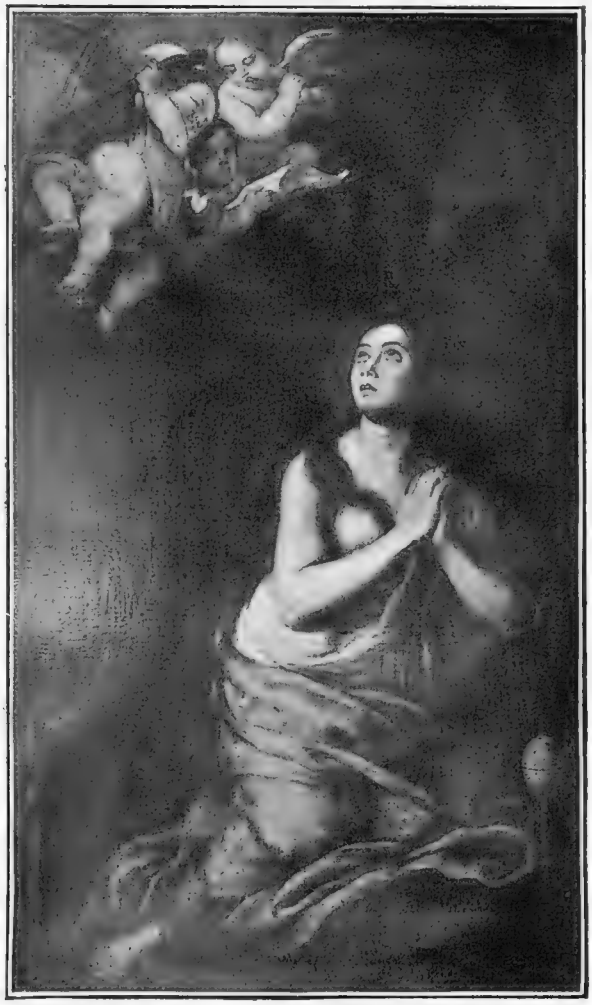
The emotional painting by Mr. C. Goldsborough-Anderson, which is attracting crowds to the Doré Gallery

THE WORLD OF ART

Some Thoughts upon the Doom of the Egyptian Hall

At the Dudley Gallery is an exhibition of the work of a few landscape painters, who have formed themselves into a brilliant little company of men of marked distinction in this realm of art—Messrs. Allen, R.W.S., Peppercorn, Aumonier, R.I., Leslie Thomson, R.I., Mark Fisher, and Sir Edward Waterlow, President of the Royal Water Colour Society and Royal Academician. These men are to be congratulated on their brotherhood at the Dudley, which, by the way, has only another year to live in its present home, for, from all accounts, the Egyptian Hall is to be pulled down next winter To think that the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, was hailed at its making as being in "a style of magnificence which has added an ornament to the Metropolis"! Well, well; how the world rolls along! Yet, in that old room, on the ground floor, what reputations have been made! What splendid wars of the brush have been fought! What fine achievement begun! Here the old Water Colour Society had its home. It was, perhaps, the New English Art Club, forerunner of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, that brought the earliest distinction, as it brought the most original and daring achievement, to this single room. From this place went forth the most daring attacks upon the Royal Academy opposite, delivered in the most telling way—by example and act. Here, Mr. John Sargent exhibited masterpiece after masterpiece, to the considerable alarm of the great and powerful body opposite. Who that saw it will forget that marvellous nude of a brown-hued Eastern girl, or the glorious Javanese dancing girl as she jigged it, with quaint, stiff gesture, in the emerald coloured and peacock blue robes of the gorgeous raiment of the lands of splendid colour? Here he made surprise after surprise by his virile art, and announced to England that a master had arisen amongst us. Here Wilson Steer won his reputation, painting his daring and whimsical canvases for the critics to jibe at. Someone said, the other day, that he fancied Steer's Yorkshire picture, this year, contained a collar-stud and a few stray buttons in the thick impasto. Well, if he can give us as true a mood of nature and such fine colour by losing his bedroom slippers in the paint, let him lose them so. Here Pennell has shown some of his best pen drawings of London. Here Beardsley was proud to be accused of seeking to get a place on the walls. The Sickerts and Furse have shown some of their best work in this little room; and E. J. Sullivan has gained recognition for his fine artistry. On these walls Conder showed his genius, and between this room and the pages of *The Yellow Book* he gained his reputation. Here, too, was to be seen the work of one of the finest painters we have amongst us to-day, though he is almost unknown here, who has made his name in Paris, being a member of the Champ de Mars Salon—Mr. Douglas Robinson; and here, too, the best group of men in the country, the men of the Glasgow school, have shown their rare accomplishment.

The Academy took one or two of the greater men and the International Society has largely swallowed others. But the New Empire Art Club still sees



Copyright Photo *"The Bystander"*

Murillo's "Magdalene"
(Exhibited in the Brook Street Gallery).

art truly, and exquisitely, and freshly—and is far from dead or even grown tame.

Over the old Egyptian Hall hangs the shadow of a mighty tragedy. Here poor proud Haydon set his "Jerusalem" before the eyes of crowds that swarmed to see it—here, a generation later, a broken-hearted man, he showed his huge canvases to an empty world, whilst Tom Thumb drew eager jostling thousands to the hall of entertainment, and Haydon went out and slew himself, with his own hand, on a day in June.

HAL DAN.

Art Gossip

At the Brook-street Art Gallery is a small collection of Old Masters, which has, amongst other interes ing matter, a "Magdalene, by Murillo; a very fine "ortrait of a Lady," from the exquisitely graceful brush of the eighteenth century Frenchman Drouais; a "Cornfield," near Rochford, by Constable; and one or two Wheatleys. There hangs, also, in this small gallery, one of the finest Guardis I ever remember seeing, a "Great Carnival Procession" on the Piazza San Marco and Piazetta, a scheme in greys, dignified and pageantesque, which is very remarkable. The Drouais beauty is alone worth a visit.

Copyright Photo *"The Bystander"*

"Portrait of a Lady," by Drouais

(Exhibited in the Brook Street Gallery).

At the Leicester Galleries are two exhibitions—one of a hundred water-colours, by Thomas Collier, R.I., the landscape artist who held the rare honour of being a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; the other is an exhibition of over two hundred old glass colour-prints, dating back to Queen Anne's time.

With this number is given a remarkably fine portrait in the gentle caricature of poor dead Phil May—a caricature so gentle, and of such fine artistic quality, that it ought, perhaps, simply to be called a portrait in colour. The abrupt, lovable, big-hearted, downright man whose soul lived in this burly body was known in life as Sir William Allan, and he was M.P. for Gateshead. He succumbed to an affection of the heart a few days ago; and his place in the House will know him no more: a man who will be missed. He was a sturdy champion of "those that go down to the sea in ships," and his hobby was to attack the Belleville boilers. His was a breezy nature that never wearied the House; and his character is wonderfully caught in this fine piece of portraiture of Phil May's. He was chief engineer aboard a blockade runner in the American Civil War, and got caught at the risky game; but it made him an eternal admirer of the men of the North, who, as he used to say, "treated me like a gentleman." He was passionately of opinion, in his downright radical way, that Great Britain must hold the supremacy of the high seas.

H. D.

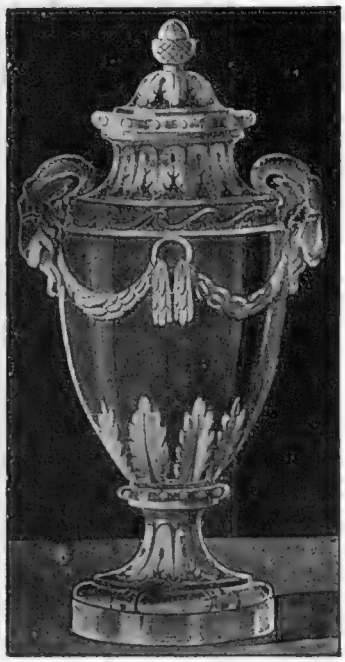
The Connoisseur.

Old English China

Indtfferent English Designs

Notwithstanding the thousands of people interested in the subject, the English connoisseur, patriotic as he may be, owns to himself that the ceramic art of his own country, as a whole, makes no very large claim upon his attention. It is true that there are a few fortunate exceptions, with which we shall deal; but the bulk of English chinaware and pottery, as now collected by the earnest amateur, fully deserves the outworn adjectives he applies to it. The coarse figures of Staffordshire, the cups and saucers of poor design and bad material, of, say, Nantgarw, the abominations of early nineteenth century transfer are now called *quaint* and *pretty*, words which, when applied to old English china, we must accept too often as synonymous with vulgar trash. We cannot disguise from ourselves that the main productions of British manufacture are hopelessly uninspired. The effect is not unlike that obtained by the man who constantly speaks of his *fiancée* and his *serviette*—it is something attempted in a foreign style, and something missed. Judged by the highest standard, the only one in art, the British wares are discreditable affairs on which, metaphorically, the potter's thumb has slipped. Our sweeping condemnation may be extended to many European wares which have been greatly praised Compare a cabinet of English porcelain—the very best of the ultimate best periods—with one of Chinese specimens and our point is definitely settled. The English examples are tame villatic fowls by the side of golden pheasants, burnished peacocks, and paradisaical birds of the Orient. But, still, among the enormous quantity of manufactures, the immense energy of the British potters has brought about a most important technical perfection.

A Crown Derby Pastille Burner



A Chelsea Vase

Artistic Spirit Lacking

All that our masters of ceramics have lacked has been an artistic spirit. From Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson's excellent and useful work, "How to Identify Old China," recently published by Messrs. George Bell, we would have culled a few of the illustrations, which show examples of the most famous English work, but the publishers, blind, as we fancy, to their own interests and to those of our readers, do not encourage us to reproduce the plates. To the collector of native ware there is no more alluring name than that of Chelsea—the Chelsea of the eighteenth century, of course—and yet the highest praise that has been given to its snuff-boxes and scent-bottles is that they were often mistaken for the work of Sèvres, which in itself only possessed real artistic merit in very exceptional pieces. But the fact is, the standard of British taste in form and decoration has been, and still is, lowly in the extreme; it is true the early collectors had already heard the East a-calling, but its message was indistinct, and its lesson misapplied. Such a group as plate XVI. in Mrs. Hodgson's work, to which we refer our readers, gives us the fine flower of Chelsea china figures, perfect in their way, but after how imperfect a fashion! By what canons of art can their banality and complicated artificiality be defended? Our first illustration, on the other hand, is an example of Chelsea in its severer, better, and little sought-after form.

China Pottery Paramount

Bow, it is true, could show a slightly greater freedom, and Bristol has had her victories; Derby and Worcester have had their fame trumpeted across the world, but their greatest success and noblest endeavour do not contain a thousandth part of the artistic spirit which informs the slightest work of the most insignificant Chinese pottery. If you study the designs of any English eighteenth century porcelains—

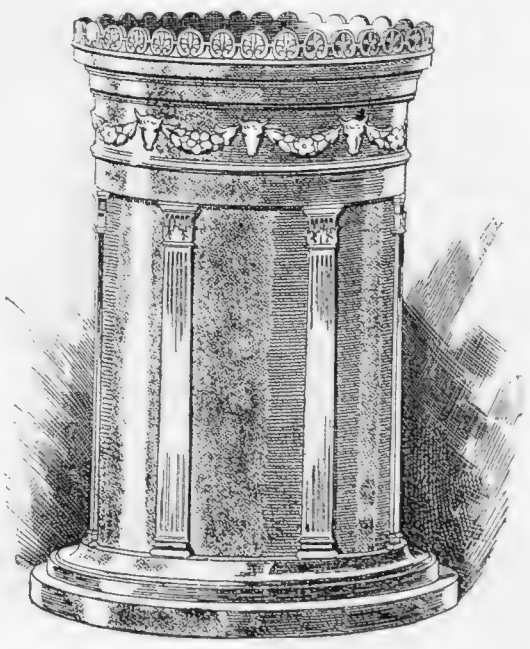
Josiah Wedgwood's "Leda" Vase

now so greatly collected—say that of Liverpool, or the Salopian and Caughley-Turner, of Worcester, or almost any of the best known places of production—you will find everywhere the most half-hearted and ineffective attempts to reproduce the satisfying decorative schemes of Wan-Leih, of Kang-he, Yung-Ching, and the eighteenth century Canton ware, and generally the *famille verte*. How utterly we have failed in this effort to apply Oriental designs to English china and pottery is, perhaps, most fully demonstrated in our famous "willow pattern." The hold this extremely ill-balanced and ridiculous design has taken upon the lover of eighteenth century English ware is once more shown by Mrs. Hodgson, who devotes a highly interesting chapter to the history of this poor pattern. The emasculated English rendering of the design was drawn and engraved by Thomas Minton, for Thomas Turner, of Caughley, in 1780, and has remained with us ever since to mark the artistic difference between a cultivated Western race and the benighted Chinese, into whose affairs we are ever ready to insert an improving hand. But, after the worst has been said of our ceramic productions, there still remains no small amount of admirable endeavour to acknowledge. In such direction is the best work of Josiah Wedgwood—aided by Flaxman. Here, at least, are seen a pleasing classicism and sense of the distinguished in colour, a feeling for pure beauty, and, as is common to all our best potteries, something nearing perfection in the manufacture of the material.

The Best Style of Wedgwood

The illustration of the Leda vase shows, we think, Wedgwood in one of his most happy styles. The photograph of this vase has been lent to us by Messrs. Gill & Reigate, who, in common with many thousands of collectors, do not share our views in regard to the inartistic qualities of very much of the English porcelain. Indeed, the four examples which decorate this article are chosen for their severity rather than to show that, with all our faults, the classical revival of the eighteenth century was not lost upon the most flamboyant and rococo of our industrial arts. The famous blue of the great days of Crown Derby, the excellence of much Worcester work, are not called into question by us, but it is only when one sees indifferent examples of these makers pursued with ardent and impassioned cunning that one feels called upon to direct the attention of the collector to the vain thing he follows with so much verve. Of course, one may collect British ware from a purely historical point of view, with an admirable educational result. Mr. Henry Willett, the well-known Brighton connoisseur, for example, began to gather together British domestic figures some sixty years ago, with the result that, at the present time, the Brighton Museum is the richer by a valuable historical collection. But we speak merely from the æsthetic point of view when we largely condemn European ceramic art. From the point of view of a record of English production in one particular branch of manufacture, a collection of our native china will always command attention and interest. For those who embark on this adventure, no more useful guide could be found than Mrs. Hodgson's book, which is especially designed to aid the amateur in the early stages of his study, and the average collector who, with a great quantity of possessions, would fain weed out the valueless and ineffective; it will lead such as these to wider knowledge of English pottery and porcelain, and encourage them to read the many highly-interesting books which have already appeared on the leading centres of this useful manufacture, such as Dr. Simeon Shaw's "History of the Staffordshire Potteries," or Mr. Burton's "Description of English Porcelain," or the books of Mr. L. M. Solon and a dozen others, readily obtainable and soundly informatory.

E. M.



A Wedgwood Vase

MATTERS MUSICAL

What Constitutes a Musical Instrument?

The average musician would be rather surprised, I fancy, to hear that the following articles are classed as musical instruments:—"The whip," "the railroad," "the railroad whistle," "the conductor's whistle," "the engine whistle," "the spurs," "the fire-brigade horn," "the anvil," "the wind-machine," "the rain-machine," "the popgun," "the gun and pistol," "the Jew's harp," "the terrophone," and "the verrophone." But these are gravely treated as orchestral instruments in a book which has just been sent me for review—H. Kling's "Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration" (Chappell and Company). But some of these "instruments" have certainly been written for in scores; thus, Wagner, in *Das Rheingold*, has scored for eight anvils, tuned to F, and this excellent book quotes the example in full; and Richard Strauss has written for the wind-machine in *Don Quixote*. But I must confess that hitherto I have not come across a score including the terrophone, which latter instrument consists of "44 chromatically tuned clay pots." But, apart from this somewhat humorous collection, this book is a most excellent treatise on the usual orchestral instruments, and the methods of writing for them. The subject of scoring for military bands is also treated most adequately in the book.

M. Camille Saint-Saëns, the Doyen of French Composers

Camille Saint-Saëns

M. Saint-Saëns, the doyen of French composers, has just gone to Egypt to superintend the production of one of his operas at Cairo. Born in 1835, he has seen the whole of the movement which has resulted in the establishment of modern methods in music. He has been the intimate friend of Wagner, Liszt, and Gounod; and his musical abilities were even recognised by such a master of craft as the first of these three. To begin with, he was a child prodigy, and played in public at ten years of age. Later on he became both a brilliant pianist and a famous organist. And then his compositions range from the simplest forms of chamber music, to orchestral works, oratorios, and operas; and in each branch, his knowledge of form and style is unapproachable. I know delightful little songs and organ pieces; and, turning to his orchestral works, one finds the most exquisite scoring allied to beauty of thought.

The Modern French School

Whilst on the subject of French music, something ought to be said about the new school of composition now springing up in that country, which is causing considerable stir there, but of which English people know nothing as yet. Vincent d'Indy, Bruneau, Charpentier, Xavier Leroux, and Claude Debussy are names unknown to our public, but they are doing work which will have to be reckoned with soon. A good deal of it is opera, of course, and to hear that in England we shall have to wait a long time, I fear.

"Mannerisms" in Music

Dr. Cowen, in his recent address to the Incorporated Society of Musicians, does not appear—to me, at any rate—to have discoursed upon a very edifying subject. But, no doubt, the worthy members of the Society, who are of the best type of "academic" musicians, are somewhat pleased to hear the personality of such a genius as Wagner described as a "mannerism"; and that is the point upon which Dr. Cowen seemed to go astray. He seemed to consider what is undoubtedly a composer's own individuality (I am judging by the examples he gave) as merely a sort of clever "dodge" invented by that writer. Now, take an example he gave—Wagner's *Turn*. It seems to me that it is really more than a stroke of genius the way Wagner used this *Turn*, namely, to intensify, in a most convincing manner, the dramatic emphasis of some point in a melody. Is that mannerism? Dr. Cowen also asserted that Bach and Beethoven had practically no mannerisms. Well, I could point out dozens of "similarities" in Bach's organ fugues, to start with; and Beethoven, too, can be analysed somewhat similarly, although I will confess one cannot do it to such an extent.

H. J. C.

Royalty Theatre

THE GERMAN COMPANY AND SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE NEED FOR AN ENGLISH REPERTORY THEATRE

A great deal has been said and written about the establishment of a repertory theatre in England. There are many schemes — government subsidy, municipal support, the individual generosity of enthusiastic millionaires, private subscription, and even (although this always appears to be the last resort) private enterprise—to support the theatre as a paying concern. The establishment of such a theatre would inevitably do so much to raise the present very low level of the art of acting in this country that it is worth while to examine every scheme which shows any prospect of coming to some practical fruition. The great weakness of nearly all the proposals which have hitherto been advanced is that it appears to be taken for granted that the repertory theatre can hardly pay its way, at any rate, at the beginning; and it is, therefore, not inappropriate to examine the excellent work which is being done at this moment by a repertory theatre in London, supported entirely by private subscriptions, and at least sufficiently successful to have maintained its existence throughout four successive seasons. Unfortunately, we have no English company to afford us this illustration; for Mr. Benson, our only important repertory manager, has no permanent home in the Metropolis; and, moreover, his repertory is confined, except for a couple of Sheridan comedies, almost entirely to the works of Shakespeare, and includes no plays of modern setting. But the German company at the Royalty Theatre, who are now playing their fifth London season—a company playing in a foreign town, and supported entirely by a foreign colony, a company, however, which has included, as visitors, some of the most distinguished German artists, and a company which, although conducted on a necessarily modest scale is sufficiently versatile to include classical drama, comic opera, modern comedy, and the lightest of farce in its programme—should be example enough to shame our own sluggish enthusiasts to attempt a little towards the practical organisation of something of the same kind. The actors of the German Theatre in London can, indeed, teach their English colleagues a good many things about dramatic art. They can teach them, in the first place, that the tradition of an actor's career on the Continent in contrast to the tradition in England is one of hard work, and plenty of it, and that it is more by hard work and plenty of it, than by any untrained natural talent that actors are produced. It can teach us in London that the elaborate weeks of minute rehearsal, which are usually given to new productions, although they may result in a performance which is finished in detail, tend to deprive the actor of readiness, of invention, and of individual thought and inspiration, and to make him depend far too much upon the mechanical instructions of the stage manager who is producing the play. The German company at the Royalty mount new plays upon two or three rehearsals, and almost invariably give an excellent performance. Herr Max Behrend or Herr Max Andresen, when either is producing a play, concentrates his attention upon co-ordinating the individual efforts of the actors into a homogeneous effect and a general plan, and does not have to devote his time, as the English producer generally has, to teaching the performers their business. He tells them what they are to do; it is not necessary for him to teach them how they are to do it. The English actor (or, at least, the London actor; for, happily, there is a far better tradition of acting in the provinces) is, in almost every case, hopelessly at a loss when he is asked to do anything for himself, and when he is not instructed by rote in every detail of his business at rehearsal, even down to the learning of his words. Another point on which this German company can teach our actors much is in the matter of versatility. Herr Andresen, for instance, will play romantic and character parts with equal facility, equal resource, and with great success in both; he

Photo by *Mendelssohn*

Madame Navarro

(Better known to the playgoing public as Miss Mary Anderson

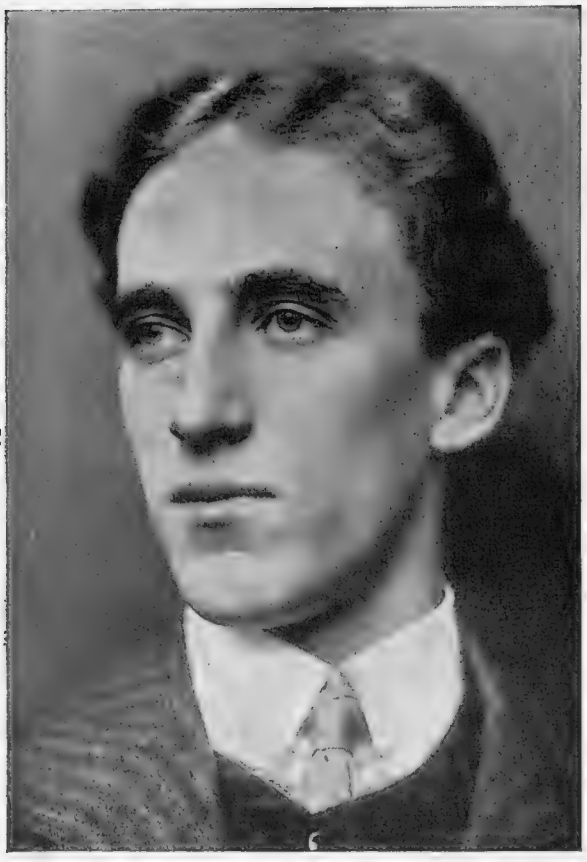


Photo by *Beresford*

Mr. Walter Creighton
(Son of the late Bishop of London)
Who is playing at the Court Theatre

can be the foolish, middle-aged fop of comedy, the distracted young gentleman of farce, torn between the attentions of many ladies, or the sonorous hero of modern social drama, and he can be admirable in them all. Fräulein Margarete Russ, perhaps the cleverest actress in the company, can be the foolishly coquettish peasant of *The Twin Sister*, or the charming *ingénue* of *Goldfische*, and can also be excellent in both parts. Herr Max Behrend, too, can play characters of many different kinds, and play them all well. In England, on the other hand, we have scarcely any versatile actors. We have scarcely any, even, who have any wish to be versatile; perhaps the only one of them all is Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who never allows his art to run in one groove, and is continually playing characters of many different kinds. But the long run system and want of enterprise of English actors have brought it about that, when a man has once made a success in a particular kind of part, he plays that kind of part during the remainder of his theatrical career. When an actor is wanted for that kind of part he gets an engagement; otherwise, he does nothing.

Another admirable custom of the theatre in Germany we can see working at the Royalty, is that of a distinguished actor or actress from any other theatre coming as a visitor to the resident company to play an important part in a particular production. What an admirable thing it would be, how excellently it would tend to foster the brotherhood of art which should exist among actors, at least as much as among other artists! If, say, Mr. Lewis Waller could step across to the Haymarket, and play for a couple of nights with Mr. Cyril Maude's company; if Mr. Tree could exchange places for a few days with Mr. Forbes Robertson, or Mr. Arthur Roberts with Mr. Edmund Payne!

These are only a few points about the repertory theatre which the German company suggest. There are many others. One, at least, is that the company shows how unnecessary it is to spend large sums of money on expensive productions and scenery. In the meanwhile, if our English enthusiasts for a repertory theatre wish to learn how good acting can be given at small cost, and how a repertory theatre actually works, let them pay a few daily visits to the Royalty, and they will not be disappointed.

P. C.

IN THE WINGS

The terrible fire at the Iroquois Theatre, at Chicago, must inevitably suggest to the anxious playgoer in London many questions as to the safety of our theatres; and, in this connection, the popular superstitions as to which are the safe theatres and which the unsafe are curiously at fault. Of course, the main safeguard against panic is to have plenty of exit doors, and it is very important for the safety of the public that all special exit doors should be easily opened from the inside, and should be used at every performance.

A Popular Delusion

It is, on the other hand, wholly wrong to suppose that wide passages and wide staircases are an assistance. The great danger, of course, in all theatre fires, is not so much loss of life from burning, as loss of life from a crowd crushing to get out of an exit, and tumbling over one another until the exit is blocked. To prevent this, it is far wiser to have passages and staircases only so wide that three people can go abreast, so that two of these three can hold on to a handrail, than to have them so wide that a mass of people can push upon one another without those in front having any means of holding themselves up.

Where Crushes Occur

This is especially so in the cases where the exits go downstairs, for nearly all the bad crushes at theatre fires occur at the bottom of staircases where the people in front have been hurled down the stairs by those behind. And this brings me to the next fallacy, which is that the theatres which are more than half below ground are the least safe; for, as people go downstairs to go in, all the exits, or most of them, lead upstairs to come out, and it is almost impossible for a crowd to fall on the top of one another going upstairs, although it is very easy for them to do so going down. The last fallacy — perhaps the greatest of all — is that the iron curtain working in a steel slot is likely to give great protection, and is likely to be easily worked in case of fire. An asbestos curtain, let down by lines, and not hung in an iron frame, would, in reality, be far safer, although

it might not look so; for, in the event of a fire, the steel slots in which the iron curtain works are almost certain to get buckled by the heat and to prevent the iron curtain from coming down. As a matter of fact, however, the London public have every reason to be reassured with regard to the fire precautions which are taken in theatres for their safety. Partly owing to the stringency of the County Council, but partly, also, to the very natural desire of the managers that the public should feel secure, every kind of precaution is habitually taken, and we understand that, since the news from Chicago, fire drills have been held in nearly all the London theatres to insure that every preventive appliance is in thorough working order.

Mr. Walter Creighton

Mr. Walter Creighton, who is singing the part of the Prince in *Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men*, the fairy play being given every afternoon at the Court Theatre, is a son of the late Bishop of London. He is a young baritone, who has made a considerable success on the concert platform, but has never, until now, appeared in the theatre. He has a fine presence and a pleasant voice, and acts with a refinement so unusual in comic opera heroes that he should have a very successful career before him.

A Diminutive Fairy Queen

The chief success in *Snowdrop* is, however, made by the tiniest member of the company. Miss Geraldine Wilson, the little ten-year old child (she looks seven) who appears as the Fairy Queen, is at the beginning of her theatrical career, for she has never yet been seen on the stage. This, however, does not seem to have inspired her with any nervousness or want of confidence, and she goes through her part with an ease and an assurance which many older actresses might envy.

The title part in the piece is taken by Miss Alice D'Orme, a member of the company at Daly's Theatre, who appears by permission of Mr. George Edwardes, and sings and acts with a marked daintiness and charm.

Madame Navarro

Miss Mary Anderson—or, rather, as she now is, Madame Navarro—has not been seen on the stage for some years; but she made a special appearance at a concert, organised last week in the East End by Father Vaughan, when she sang several songs, and gave the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* with the same charm and enthusiasm which always distinguished her as an actress. Madame Navarro now lives with her husband and children in a charming old house at Broadway, the Worcestershire village which now contains such a colony of English and American artists. Miss Maude Valerie White, the composer, who accompanied Madame Navarro last week, lives at Broadway; so, also, does another composer, Mr. Somervell; while Mr. Alfred Parsons and Mr. Frank Millet are the chief representatives of the artists, now that Mr. Sargent no longer lives in Broadway, and Mr. E. A. Abbey has deserted it for the Gloucestershire village of Fairford. Besides being a great actress, Madame Navarro is also captain of a cricket team. Once a year a cricket match is played at Broadway between her eleven and one organised by Mr. J. M. Barrie, whose speech, at the supper following the match, is always looked forward to by Broadway society as the event of the year.

Miss Geraldine Wilson

Who has made a great success as the Fairy Queen in *Snowdrop* at the Court Theatre

Women and the Sales

It is undoubtedly true that we women flock in vast numbers to the annual and bi-annual sales: we needs must. But what about the alleged fights and discourtesies occurring during these momentous and literally crowded hours of sale-shoppings? Surely they are exaggerated! Personally, I am quite convinced that statements of the kind are not borne out by facts of any numerical importance. There is, of course, no smoke without fire; and so, perhaps, some one unfortunate incident has been pounced upon, magnified, and made the basis of a generalisation which constitutes a base aspersion on the sex as a whole. I am optimist enough, nevertheless, to believe that the decent woman behaves decently, and that there are many of her.

An Ounce of Practice

An ounce of practice, it is said, is worth a pound of theory; so I set out on Monday, January 4, bearing in mind the painful allegations above referred to, trusting to confute them, and, incidentally, to buy one or two garments to advantage. I hoped to return, if not with the garments, certainly with some threads of illusion as regards the gentle manners of my sex: which latter I did. I could not, perforce, go all over London; so I chose two large, typical, and well-known shops not a thousand miles from Cavendish-square as my "battlefield." (I saw that day in a daily paper the headline, "The Ladies' Battle," referring to the sales. Hence the allusion) The scene was very animated, and business was being pursued in deadly earnest. I found both shops very full, but there was no more hustle than was inevitable, and courtesy queened it. Shopping was not, however, that unalloyed joy that some of my male friends are wont to imagine it to be to the feminine mind. On the contrary, it was very hot and very tiring, and, to be quite frank, I only spent two hours at it. I was not torn to pieces, nor did I see anyone else in that predicament. It happened, sometimes, that two shoppers would lay hold of the same coat or dress to examine it, but there were no squabbles. "Oh, were you thinking of this one?" one or other would politely demand, and so on. Here, at least, was the decent woman, who behaved decently; while as for the assistants and attendants, no praise is too great for their patience, courtesy, and good humour.

Who Goes to the Sales?

I think everybody who has any ready money at her command goes to the sales, provided her leisure will so permit. Obviously, they should be primarily the poor woman's opportunity, although it so happens sometimes that she, of all others, is the one who cannot attend—if, for instance, she be tied to rigid hours of business. (The luncheon hour is something inadequate.) But the employer is churlish, indeed, who will not give his clerk a little time off to "go to the sales!" Thus she manages it somehow. The poor woman, however, is not the only bargain-hunter; and, if she have vast social ambitions, she should thrill with the thought that, at the sales, at least she has rubbed shoulders with the rich, the mighty, and the titled. The number of private carriages, aye, carriages and pairs, outside those two shops when I "did the sales" was quite amazing, and offered abundant food for reflection.

The Humanness of It All

The philosophy of sales, and their humours—twentieth-century sales, *bien entendu*—should be written of by a master of literature. Has anyone done the thing with sympathy and penetration yet? And will not someone "oblige"? I have often thought that there is a universal appeal about the bargain. It is so essentially human to wish to make a good bargain; and it seems quite a harmless and legitimate desire. It is by no means the monopoly of a sex, and is not limited to dress bargains. Men are inveterate bargain-hunters: horses are a favourite medium, so is furniture. Yet men do not often go to the sales organised by drapers—only, I think, under great pressure. But enough of sales.

"The Children of the Potteries"

My space is nearly exhausted, but I have been reading such an interesting article about the children of the Staffordshire Potteries in the *Pall Mall Magazine* that perhaps someone else may like to know of it. It is written by the Duchess of Sutherland, who is so well known for her broad sympathies and practical philanthropy. She gives a little sketch of the Hanchurch Home, near Trentham Park—which she originally started as a holiday home for boys and girls, who enjoyed it by turns, a fortnight at a time, in batches of fifteen at a visit. "But the children came," says the Duchess, "very sick and ailing, and we knew that we had to set them up for the life to which they must return. It became, therefore, rather sadly, a convalescent home; yet, to the little ones, fairyland." Here is a pretty story: The Duchess asked after a certain big doll that had been given to one of the children, who had probably never had a toy that was not broken before. "Thank you, my Grace," she answered, "it is still mended."

E.M.E.

Flounces and Fashion

And still the blouse is with us, and, indeed, is likely to remain with us, for ever, for what would become of us without it? This question seems, to me, unanswerable, as no woman has ever been found brave enough to experiment by doing without the useful and necessary blouse. Perhaps, to some, it may seem that I praise the garment too much, but I think not; one cannot overpraise it; nothing so useful has ever been known in the costume since Eve inaugurated the world of dress in the Garden of Eden. At present, we are in a land of blouses, for, during these merry sale times, cheap blouse lengths are to be picked up everywhere, and many are ransacking brains and newspapers to discover suitable and effective ways of making these.

A fascinating style for a blouse of white silk, for morning wear, is to have it simply made in large box pleats, with the sleeves full enough to be quite pretty, but not full enough to make the wearing of a coat necessitate the changing of the blouse.

Personally, I consider that white blouses are the most becoming, but, as a wise woman once remarked, they are also the most expensive: think of the washing bill! This, indeed, is true; but, should you be wise enough to brave the washing bill—and this article is intended for those who are—I will detail to you some charming model blouses I have seen, and some delightful originals I have imagined, and not only imagined, but have made.

White Japanese silk is the prime favourite, ornamented with thick guipure insertion, which holds in its clutch narrow velvet ribbon of deep red. This is crossed at the shoulders, and again where the bodice meets the skirt. The collar band is of net, or can be equally well made of white silk, bearing in its centre, as do the cuffs, a band of this same insertion and ribbon.

At present, in the hands of the dressmaker, is a blouse of white viyella, with narrow tucks, which form a point in the middle of the front, and are about two inches long on the shoulders, bordered by feather-stitching in pale blue flax. This will wash admirably, and will, I am sure, prove a great social and economical success.

To turn, for a moment, from the blouse of white, those of Paisley colours, with borders, are extremely useful for wearing in a London fog, as they do not show the dirt with noticeable rapidity.

To my sorrow, the other day, I met a young girl walking in the rain in a very thin coat, which protected but inefficiently a charming blouse of white *crêpe de chine*, beautifully embroidered in French knot stitch, and further ornamented by rows of thorn stitching; charming, no doubt, for indoors, and really well worthy the taking a cab for its protection against such dreadful weather.

The "pneumonia blouse" has departed, and in its place reigns the shirt with a stiff collar, surmounted either by a black *glacé* tie or by a stiff stock collar, while a *piqué* collar, completing a blouse of viyella, and fastened by a quaint brooch made of lapus lazuli, may be worn with excellent effect.

Blouses for evening wear naturally demand a great deal of attention; and I present you with a design, which is very effective, one being made of accordion-pleated *mousseline de soie*, in pale blue, with a yoke and tops of the sleeves of white guipure, while the black velvet ribbon is held in its place by large

Design for a Skating Costume of hunter's green Cloth, Trimmed with Velvet and Astrachan

An Accordion pleated Evening Blouse of Pale Blue Mousseline de Soie

buttons of pale blue enamel. Another blouse, which is equally attractive, is made of pale yellow *crêpe de chine*, ornamented with lace of a deep cream tone, and gathered into tiny piping cords, covered with white satin ribbon. NITA.

**

About the Sales

Now is the time for the economical lady to pay her quarterly visit to the salerooms and see what bargains she can obtain. Already one notable sale has fled to the land of oblivion, that of Harrods, Limited, but still many remain, and, to save my readers the trouble of judging for themselves where the best bargains are to be had, I will proceed to detail a few I have been investigating.

To start with that indispensable possession, gloves, these are to be obtained in white kid at the nominal price of 1*s.* 0½*d.* a pair at Messrs. Penberthy's, 388, Oxford-street, while twelve and sixteen buttoned *suède* gloves can be obtained at 1*s.* 6½*d.* a pair, or half-a-dozen pairs for 8*s.* 9*d.*; and, really, economy would be best shown by appropriating some of these, as they are not a job lot, got in for the sale, but are really good gloves, reduced, as the premises are about to be enlarged.

For millinery, Madame Valerie, of New Burlington-street, is the right person to visit, her reductions being noteworthy, 25*s.* toques being reduced to 10*s.* 9*d.*, while £2 2*s.* hats are to be had for £1 1*s.*

For housekeepers, the sale of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver will no doubt prove attractive, especially in the way of curtains. Some of these, in Nottingham lace, beginning at 1*s.* 11½*d.* the pair, and going up to a guinea, while those of Swiss and French lace are equally reduced. In the dress department charming little blouses can be obtained for the low sum of 12*s.* 6*d.*, and these are reduced from £1; and in Japanese silk many wonderful bargains may also be purchased, not to mention handkerchiefs, gloves, hosiery, and dressing-gowns in great profusion.

Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's sale, which began on January 4, includes all the departments and all the latest models. The tailor-made costumes, which are especially notable, start at 52*s.* 6*d.* for a coat and skirt in black or navy serge, trimmed with strappings of *glacé*, and a skirt alone, costing but 18*s.* 6*d.*, can be had in a variety of tweeds. The millinery bears equally fascinating sale prices, and they are especially accentuated by a model costing but 9*s.* 6*d.*, which bears a tricorne brim and two quill-shaped wings on the left-hand side.

As to furs, the Grafton Fur Company is certainly to be considered. Among the most noteworthy bargains emanating from this firm is a moleskin coat at £18, and some charming travelling coats for £5, while for the fair motorist, and the masculine motorist, too, the coats here obtainable for their favourite sport can be bought for £12, made of musquash.

These are but a few of the principal plums of the pudding, or rather of the salerooms, and I will leave my readers to discover more that fascinates the eye and purse in many of the leading houses which I have not space to mention here. N.

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The Toilet Table

THE CARE AND CURE OF CHAPPED HANDS

During this wintry weather, the roughness is a great source of annoyance to those who take any pride at all in keeping their skin in a nice healthy condition. Rough hands certainly ought to be cured the very moment they make their appearance; in fact, if properly taken care of, there never should be such things, for much depends on their thorough drying after washing. This might be called prevention, but as few people *do* prevent rough hands from coming, it would be as well to apply ourselves immediately to the cure. An unpleasant way to ensure the hands from getting chapped is to wear a very thick, clumsy pair of gloves, but most women have an innate distaste for making their hands appear larger than they really are, and if thin gloves must be worn—an I I quite agree that thick gloves are an inconvenience, especially when shopping, and when desiring to pick up change from the counter—wear thin gloves, and insert in the back of the hand a small pad of cotton wool. This does away with the uncomfortable necessity of thick gloves, and at the same tim keeps the hands free from cold, more especially if a muff be carried.

For those whose hands have already become chapped and rough, here is an excellent prescription: To eight tablespoonfuls of spirits of wine add a tablespoonful of glycerine and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, with enough scent to obliterate the unpleasant smell of the foremost ingredient, which is really nothing but purified methylated spirit, which, however, must not be used in its place. Shake this preparation, and after washing, rub it well into the hands, taking care that before doing so the hands are thoroughly dry. By rubbing the preparation well round the roots of the nails they are rendered nice and soft, and much easier to keep in good condition.

A word in conclusion: There are many preparations sold at the chemist's, at large and small prices, which are guaranteed to render the hands smooth and white in one trial; they may be useful, or they may not, but these inexpensive and easily-to-be-made-at-home concoctions will prove equally efficacious, and if one sleeps with one's hands in a pair of soft white gloves, the result, in two or three days, will gratify the most sanguine expectations.

N.

The Menu

Sunday Suppers

At this time of year, a cold supper is a very cheerless meal, and yet, in small households, supper takes the place of dinner, in order that the servants may have a long and uninterrupted outing. This necessitates the preparation of the dishes the day before, but, with a little care and forethought, it is easily done, and they will only need reheating on Sunday evening

Menu No. I

Tomato Soup.
Cold Turkey and Ham.
Tomato and Celery Salad.
Mince Pies.
Camembert Cheese.

Menu No. II.

Mulligatawny Soup.
Mayonnaise of Fish in Shells
Cold Roast Beef.
Baked Potatoes.
Stewed Pears. Cream.
Caviare Eggs.

Menu No. III.

Palestine Soup.
Curried Oysters.
Cold Boiled Chicken.
Tongue.
Beetroot and Celery Salad.
Compôte of Prunes and Figs.
Cheese Pudding.

MAYONNAISE OF FISH IN SHELLS

Take the required number of China shells, and line with a little shred lettuce and celery. Then add about a tablespoonful of carefully-flaked white fish, and, if liked, a few capers. Pour a rich, thick mayonnaise sauce over, and decorate with a cross of beetroot and four little heaps of coralline pepper.

CAVIARE EGGS

Hard-boil some eggs, shell them, cut off a piece from the pointed end, so that when cut in half both halves will stand upright. Remove the yolk and fill with caviare. Pound the yolk with a little butter, pepper, and salt, and make as many balls, the size of marbles, as there are cases of caviare, and ornament each case with a ball of the egg yolk. Arrange on a silver dish on a bed of cress.

CURRIED OYSTERS

Two dozen oysters, one onion, one tablespoonful of curry powder, one dessertspoonful of flour, 2oz. butter, juice of lemon; chop the onion up quite fine, mix the curry powder, flour and butter together, and put all these ingredients into a stewpan; fry till a nice brown, stirring all the time; add the liquor of the oysters and lemon juice, and boil together five minutes. Put in the oysters, boil up at once, and serve with a border of boiled rice.

EMILIA.

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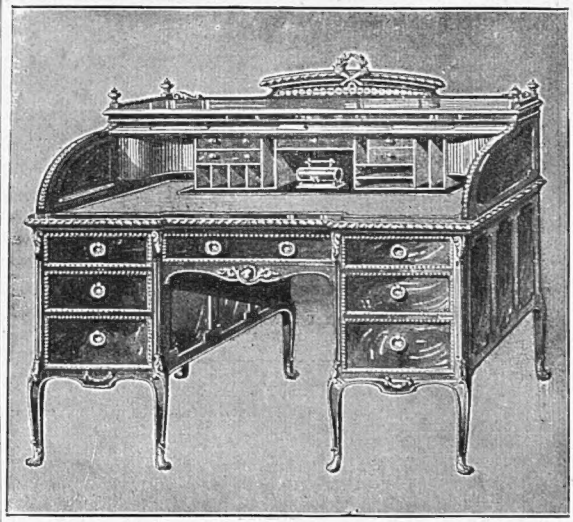

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HUNTING IN IRELAND

The Happy Hunting Grounds of Erin

Hunting is not nearly so precarious an amusement (so far as the Meath is concerned) in Ireland as on the other side of the Channel, and often, when the Englishman is fuming and fretting at blank days, caused by Jack Frost, we are hunting away merrily in this Green Isle of ours. Perhaps it is the Gulf Stream we have to thank for the comparative mildness of our climate, and we may be doing an injustice to England in so impudently interposing our troublesome little island between her and the mitigatory waters of that mysterious current; but, whatever the reason, Erin is the happy hunting ground of the follower of hounds, and the increasing number of venatic immigrants who settle here for the season shows that our winter climate is thoroughly appreciated by those enthusiasts who would hunt seven days a week if they could. This season we have experienced a little frost, but it was seldom sufficient to stop hunting, and that only in certain districts.

Capital Sport with Various Packs

The Meath Hounds must be looked upon as our premier pack, in that it is the only "five days a week" pack in Ireland, and also that, with over seventy couples of hounds, it is second only to the Duke of Beaufort's, which (subject to correction) is, I think, the only "six days a week" pack in the three kingdoms. The Meath, up to this, have had very good sport, plenty of foxes, and scent, as a rule, capital. The Drumree fixture produced a slow hunt of an hour from Culmullen; a very fast twenty-five minutes with a Beltrasna Gorse fox; and a moderate thirty-five minutes with one found at Creemore, which took them to Ravenstown. The other Tuesday there was a big meet of the Kildares at Newbridge, the military element turning out in great force. The Curragh covert was drawn for the first time this season, and its fox gave a fine run to Boston, lasting over an hour. The Tipperary Hounds were not to be denied on the closing day of the old year; and, despite a slight fall of snow, kept their tryst at Fethard, and were rewarded by getting a good twenty-five minutes from Kilnockin to Rocklow, and a smart forty-five minutes from Bennett's Hill to Bannoxtown.

Hunt Balls

The Ward Union Staghounds have had some excellent gallops, but parts of their country are very wet and steep. Most of the other packs will be pleased to see that arch-enemy of hunting—frost—driven off, and very possibly we may have no more return of it serious enough to interfere with sport this season again. Hunt balls are very much in evidence this week; but it looks rather like clashing to have three contiguous counties, viz., Galway, Ormond, and King's County, having their dances on three consecutive nights. The Kildare Hunt Ball will be held at Palmerstown (Earl of Mayo's) on February 3. T. S. B.

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